Box 5, Folder 5
F. D. Millet Journal
Sweden, June 18-July 29, 1882
Photocopy/Transcribed

F. D. M.

S W E D E N. and North Germany.

June 18th to July 29th 1882.

Millet Papers

June 18.

The steamer Bele reached the Quay at Göteborg at about 9 a.m. after two days of troubled waters and two hours of pleasant sailing in the inlet on which the city stands. The approach is almost like the coast of Maine. Absence of tide gives it another aspect, however, and most of the houses have red roofs. Many are indeed quite like New England houses. Göteborg is rather picturesquely situated, a huge pile of granite hiding the city from the steamer quai. People are at first sight not unlike English but on examination are decidedly Scandinavian in type. Girls with high cheek bones and square faces, men with flax colored hair and queerly cut features as hard as the outlines of the hills. It being Sunday the shops were mostly closed but people were in the gardens and along the canals. Good hotel Göta Källare with large rooms neatly washed floors and tall porcelain stores, circular and square, of colored and white tiles. In the afternoon we went to walk, noticing the American-like horsecars - one horse - and the soldiers in neat dark blue uniform with gold cross belt for officers. Later we visited the Trädgardföreningen and dined there to the music of a band in the kiosque. We had a fine smörgasbord consisting of Fladbröd, rye and wheat bread, toast, sardines and anchovies, salmon boiled and smoked, boiled eggs sliced with a bit of fish on each, prawns, small lobsters (1½ - 2 inches long), dried beef, reindeer, tongue, smoked goose breast, paté de fois gras, cheese, paté of veal, one of fowl, chopped onions, radishes, caviar, sliced veal and sill salat. This was all neatly arranged on separate plates and put on the table before us with two kinds of spirits and various condiments. This custom of eating appetising tidbits before the meal is to me a most agreeable one and recalls the Russian "zakouska". This is in fact the first peculiarity which strikes the traveller. Other strange customs are of course seen at every moment but this one is the most prominent. At the smörgasbord each one takes his glass of spirit and after eating some of the salt or smoked food touches glasses with the company and drinks saying "skal". Thus before the dinner begins the party is already busy talking and sits down to the soup with more gusto and in a more social manner. The formality

Norrbro. Of all the cities I ever saw Stockholm is the most picturesquely

of a dinner is thus tempered very pleasantly. In the garden that Sunday afternoon a delicate dish of cooked lobster, veal patties, both hot, a chateaubriand steak and potatoes followed the smörgåsbord. This we washed down with native beer and porter, half and half, and the bill for four of us was about 10 kroner (11 shillings). In the garden people were walking about in the beautiful paths and sitting in front of the restaurant drinking swedish punch and coffee. The former characteristic drink is made of arack and is like sweet liqueur. We took it after the manner of the country with soda water. People were dressed mostly in black, some quite in the English fashion. A few Upsala students with white caps and some servant girls with handkerchiefs on their heads gave the only indications of any national costume. We sat and walked about until near ten o'clock and as the day even then showed few or no signs of waning we went to the hotel. At eleven o'clock when we retired it was still light and one would have said it was only about seven o'clock.

June 19.

At seven fifty we were in the train for Stockholm - an americo-european 2nd class carriage which we had almost all day to ourselves. Although only about 280 miles distant Stockholm was 14 hours ride with "express train" stopping at 44 stations. The character of country as we left Göteborg was not unlike that in some parts of Maine and this resemblance grew stronger as we proceeded until the landscape was exactly the counterpart of New England scenery. Near the coast the dark rock formation crops out on all sides and with fertile fields between and pine and fir forests skirting them form a varying and beautiful landscape. Almost all the houses are painted dark red and have either red tiled roofs or else are thatched with straw or turf. The churches are of stone neatly whitewashed and nearby stands a wooden belfry often of peculiar shape with turnip formed roof. These belfries are painted red like the houses. Many of the houses are of hewn timbers either horizontal or perpendicular and nearly all the barns and outhouses are made this way. The roads are excellent, hard and well kept and there is an air of great prosperity in

the land, for clean and trim paths, beautifully tilled fields and tidy houses and buildings testify to the superior situation of the people as farmers. In western Sweden, and in fact nearly all the way across, double-faced stone walls separated the fields and neat gates shut every cross path and also the roads at intervals. The cattle were mostly light red and yellow and not particularly numerous nor fine. As to the other fences they were quite like New England ones, - post and rail; pickets, others made by slanting the rails at angle of 45° and supporting them by twin stakes and braces. The shape of the houses is quite simple with no more pretense to decoration than the white painted window and door frames contrasting with the red walls. Near the towns, however, the wooden American "carpenter's gothic" multiplied and gave a Yankee look to the place. One thing quite different from home was the railway officials. The station master, always with a red flag in his hand, is dressed in dark blue broadcloth with gold buttons and band on his cap. He is solemn, dignified and courteous and seems very proud of his station. We found great attention and civility whenever we asked them for anything. The people seem to be having a good time in a quiet way. There is apparently no such thing as intoxication. When the train arrives we see them drive up to the stations in curious little toy-like carts quite unlike anything I ever saw before. Women work in the fields but not as much as in Italy and Germany. One thing I should not omit and that is one word about the field flowers which are wonderfully numerous and varied. We crossed the Göta canal twice, once at Töreboda and again at Södertälje near Stockholm. As we neared the latter city lakes multiplied until the country was quarter water. All along the road we had occasionally had views of lakes and mountains but no scenery of great grandeur. The sun did not set until long after nine o'clock and when we crossed the bridge into Stockholm it was still broad daylight. We went to the Hotel Rydberg, Thulstrup having been met by his brother and wife. When we retired at 12:30 we could still read at the window and the western sky was still brilliant. Before retiring Thulstrup and I took a soda water at the little garden restaurant on the Norrbro. Of all the cities I ever saw Stockholm is the most picturesquely

situated and is the most surprising to the traveller because most unexpected.

June 20.

Since there was no night it was difficult to decide when to get up. Curtains, however closely drawn, proved quite insufficient to keep out the midnight dawn and in consequence we slept but at intervals. Breakfast about 11. Thulstrup and I visited the Riddarholm's Kyrka and in so doing walked aver a good part of the town. The architecture of the city is not conspicuously characteristic. Italian renaissance and French do duty in the place of the northern picturesque constructions which one naturally expects to find. The church in question is mongrel gothic and renaissance with an inappropriate and ugly iron spire and contains all the bones of the Swedish monarchs. Inside we found the place lined with groups of captured battleflags falling to rags and toned by time to nearly the same grey hue. Piles of drums and stacks of lances with some old embroideries and quaint old pipes gave a martial look to the chapels and lent somewhat of a picturesqueness to the otherwise uninteresting interior. Below in vaults were the coffins of the kings and various nobles ranged in tombs where in spite of their ordinary look they are stared at by all visitors. An open tomb on level of church floor discloses a dozen coffins mostly of metal with rather florid ornamentation piled up in the uncertain light from a tiny window through the wall. The sight recalls ones mortality too strongly to be pleasant. The chief thing which struck me in the course of our walk was the peculiar wagons and carts. Tiny wheels made them look like toys and men rode on the rear like schoolboys stealing a ride. The harnesses are quaint and withal very reasonable. The saddle is divided into two great pads which are connected by a strong bar supported on two irons say six inches high, thus giving somewhat the appearance of the bow which spans a Russian horse.

In the afternoon Lily and I took one of the numerous steamers running to the Djurgarden and sailed down the rapid stream past the navy yard with a dozen monitors laid up with wooden roofs, and among the

islands with always a fine view of the city in different directions and to the landing place. The park which stretches to the eastward two miles or more is high, rocky and covered with trees. The people wander all over it at their will . No signs of a "keep off the grass", "do not touch the flowers". Among the visitors and everywhere among the rank flowers and in the shade of the huge oaks little picnic parties frolic and eat their luncheons. A more natural park I never saw. Near the landing of the boats is a large quarter of the city and along the avenue which runs to the east are numerous restaurants, theatres and all the common entertainment of the people. On all sides were parties of happy holiday keepers although it was Tuesday and in working hours. Organs and bands made the air musical. We entered one beer garden and saw people amusing themselves with games. The one which was the strangest of all was striking a pin with a huge mallet. The blow sent an index up a tall pole marked with numbers and the men tried their strength of arm in the attempt to make the index ring a bell at the top.

We dined in the Hassel backen restaurant to the music of the Guards band where we sat long looking at the people still coming from the city although it was nine o'clock in the evening. A horsecar brought us home and we walked and listened to music in the Trädgård. When we came home at nearly ten o'clock no lights were needed and people filled the streets. At midnight the sky was all light and with no perceptible darkness the morning grew again. Visited the museum an hour and found the most complete and interesting collection of stone, bronze, silver and gold historical objects I ever saw. The pictures, especially the Dutch school are good, among them many Terniers, Metsu, Dow and several Rembrandts. In the museum I met a group of men apparently from the North. There was a peculiar strong smoky fishy odor about them and although dressed otherwise like Stockholm working men they wore turn-up toed boots made like moccasins and evidently saturated with oil. These with two or three girls from Dalecarlia (i) with red caps are the only National costumes I have yet seen here.

(i) DALARNA

June 21st A visit to a permanent exhibition of rather bad paintings and the examination of the water color drawings of the late Sholander filled up the forenoon pretty well. At the latter place in the Academy of Fine Arts I met Mr Dardel the president, formerly member of jury of 1878 in Paris. He invites me out to his house an invitation which I accept and shall, I hope, be able to take advantage of. In the afternoon visited the museum and ateliers of the society of Industrial art where we saw a great collection of native embroideries and textiles, most of them most inartistic in design and crude in color but generally very interesting in workmanship. Some curtains and some tapestries were attractive. While there an old woman from Dalecarlia came in and we began to bargain for the clothes she had on. She soon sold her leather knapsack bag, her linen shirt and embroidered pouch with an outside wool jacket thus taking off a large part of her raiment. We found she had plenty of more underneath however and she had evidently come in prepared to barter. All the articles named cost Thulstrup about 10 kroner. Lily remained at home nearly all day and she and I walked well around the Djurgarden up to the Bellmansro and the Belvedere, down through the Hasselbacken and over to the Stromparterre where we dined after a fashion.

June 22d. Thulstrop and I left for Siljan lake at 10 by express train laden with sketching materials and hopeful of a fertile tour. Express train does not mean fast train in Sweden for after Upsala we went at snail's pace arriving at Saeter about 4:15, 200 miles from Stockholm. Not seeing anything worth stopping for we went on to Borlange. An uninteresting town with avenues of birch trees and great iron works. From Stockholm to Saeter country American like and unpicturesque , but near Saeter heights were seen on each side, train mounted slowly and at latter town we came out on high ground. Borlange is on the river Dalelven and we walked down to see the stream at the dam where the iron mills are. Logs in abundance floating down quite like Maine. The inn where we stopped was quite primitive but very neat. Everywhere bare floors with

strips of rag carpet laid down. When we came to take supper the landlord with the air of a Maine man invited us to go into a little closet in case we wanted bräun vin with our smörgasbrod. We did so and had an excellent dinner quite in Swedish style everybody serving himself. The first really characteristic costumes we saw in Borlänge R.R. station, men in leather kneebreeches and thick soled shoes with blue stockings, long shortwaisted surtout and felt hat. The women wore same shoes, red stockings, full black skirt, white shirt, red boddice, neckerchief and old-fashioned red calico sunbonnet poking out over an undercap of lace. Men carried a curious leather sack with straps to put over shoulders like a knapsack. Women carry the same and put the baby between the sack and the back. The evening in Borlänge was rainy and one felt consequently rather discouraged.

June 23.

Up pretty early to take stage to Bätsta - long dusty road through pine land and past villages not always prosperous looking. In fact as we reached Dalecarlia we found no lack of neatness to be sure and wonderful prosperity but more picturesque old houses than in the vicinity of Stockholm. The houses are with scarcely an exception built of hewn logs sometimes with projecting ends dn corners with white weatherboards to contrast and sometimes like the window and door frames with the red paint. Very little variation in shapes of houses but groups of them with outhouses are very picturesque. The crude red of Stockholm gives way somewhat to the faded and worn red.

We reached the steamer landing at about 8:30 and had to wait until 10:30 for it to start. Many people came on wagons from the morning train and we took our luggage, left the crowded steamer and took our places on a large freight boat that went in tow. With us were a hundred others and off we went, piled up with boxes, bales and baggage in considerable hilarity. Logs in great numbers floated down and we hit them as we steamed up the river. I got acquainted with many of the peasants travelling with us, took bräun vin with them and talked as much as I could in Swedish. Reached Gagnef Kyrka at nearly one and leaving our heavy baggage took our sketching materials and walked off with some peasants who lived in the village. From one of them

We got some children's garments and in his house we took light beer and spirits. A new large rocking chair particularly attracted my attention. Furniture simple and good. Large wooden beer mug holding near half bucket was very fine. We tried to buy it but could not. From the first landing to the landing at Grätsa was a walk of about two miles over a road so near like America as to make one almost homesick. The large steamer Gustav Wasa awaited us and we soon got aboard and sat watching the people. A peculiarity of costume which we noticed first at Borlänge is quite characteristic here - leather aprons worn by men, women and children of all ages. Another and most striking peculiarity is abundance of yellow. All children under eight or so wear bright yellow woolen dresses short in waist with generally apron mostly of leather somtimes of red. Caps also of red or colored figured calico or (rarely) embroidered silk. These yellow spots as seen in the landscape are very peculiar and striking. Among the women of Gagnef it seems to be a peculiarity of dress to wear the poke straight lace cap and the calico (red) sunbonnet over it. The latter is often turned back leaving the lace bare. Men wear kneebreeches and green jackets with red sleeves - most hideous in color. Fine leather aprons help to make the dress picturesque. Hat always of soft felt. Breeches either of leather (color like white buckskin) or else of woolen reinforced by leather. The Gustav Wasa took us rapidly up a stream quite like a Maine river and we made but one stop arriving a Leksand at about 6 p.m. On landing was a wonderfully picturesque crowd all the colors of the rainbow combining in great variety and force. The type of the people struck me at once as peculiarly national. Most of the faces are very contented looking and the types of women are wonderfully fine. One thing is remarkable, that is the silver blond. Men are rarely enough blond, but women and especially children are often most beautiful blonds. From under the close-fitting red cap of childhood will be seen a flowing mass of silver blond hair shining in the sun like spun silk. Pale faces are unknown, all are ruddy or sunburned to a beautiful rich brown. It was a short walk from the steamer landing to the inn where we found the room we had telegraphed for. The village of Leksand is not remarkably picturesque - red like all Swedish villages - and with no more pretentions to architecture

than a group of buildings owned by the celebrated rich peasant Bröms Olof Larrson who is taxed for an income of 30000 kroner and has been a member of the lower house of parliament and had the vote cast with another man for the upper house. We talked with him in the evening and found him quite intelligent and certainly superior. The church at Leksand standing near the edge of the wooded bluff over the lake is a remarkable Russian-looking structure with turnip cupola and an adjoining belfry of real Scandinavian architecture. The churchyard crosses are peculiar enough being of iron with engraved plate sheltered by semi-circular band for roof. Against the church as against almost all houses stands a ladder on each side reaching to the ridgepole - a precaution against fire. We made the acquaintance of some Upsala students and late in the evening went with them into the village to see the May pole dressed. The pole stands in the centre of the town and is fastened to a large post firmly fixed in the earth. The villagers had just taken down the pole when we arrived and it lay on horses ready to be dressed. The girls went in all directions and soon returned bringing armfuls of birch leaves and grass. They set to work in a happy group on the steps of a building wreathing hoops and crosses. We waited in vain to see the promised dancing but at one o'clock it had not come off and we strolled home. The western sky was still brilliant, crowds of villagers sat about on the fences and little children ran about as if it were day. The doors of most of the houses and the gates as well were decorated with birch branches and midsummer day was fairly begun. We walked in our hotel's open door and before I retired I wrote without a light.

10a

Midsummer Day June 24 1882
NORNET, parish of LEKSAND.

It was half past seven before we waked and the sun was almost noon high pouring hot into our room. The people in their holiday dress were already in the streets and as soon as possible we went to the lake side, a half mile distant to see the church boats arrive. On the way we met crowds of peasants in their quaint and highly colored dresses. The road was sandy and bordered by fields of grain and fir, pine and birch trees. The men, sober, tall and refined types dressed as they were in knee breeches and long black coats and large hats gave one, as they marched along, all the impressions of a band of Puritans churchward bound. Among the trees on the roadside and in shady spots girls completed their toilettes helping one another bind on the white caps and adjust the neckerchief. It was a pretty, peaceful sight. Numbers increased as we went on. Mothers with their babes, children of all ages always in yellow dresses, red caps and red aprons. The road led down through a ravine to the lake-side and we saw on the water's edge a fleet of long, sharp, peculiar boats drawn up on the shore and hundreds of peasant grouped around them. Men dressed in black stood around in sober groups while the women and girls ranged themselves alongside the boats to dress. Each girl brought a bundle done up in pure white linen containing caps, kerchiefs and prayer book. As they stood assisting each other in arranging their simple dress they made a pastoral picture of great beauty. Mothers dressed their children one by one arranging the folds of the Sunday kerchiefs with great care and laying the babies along in rows on the turf. The men in white buckskin knee breeches, white stockings and short vests put on long shortwaisted coats reaching half way from knee to ankle and stalked soberly up the path toward the church. While we were looking other boats came in each laden to the water's edge. They are high at bow and stern, 60 feet or more long with ten thwarts and as many pairs of oars. The children are placed in the stern with some of the elders and the old man who steers with a broadbladed oar held through a ring. A girl or a young woman sits by each rowlock and helps a male companion pull his oar. Thus there is a couple to each sweep and beside these a woman sits on the gunwale between the oars and more stand in the bows. As many as 90 souls are thus carried in one boat. As they are not over six feet wide it would seem dangerous to load

them so deeply, but they are of a peculiar build, the reverse of flat bottomed and are built so as to be more or less flexible. The iron braces are hooked on, the ribs are not very thick and the planking is all joined together by iron staples on the outside. A coat of Stockholm tar is put over the whole , birch-bark is nailed in the gunwale where the women sit and the boat when finished is both graceful and stiff. In each village they club together to buy these and keep them in repair. Whenever they land they are drawn up on shore entirely by the joint strength of men and women. At home they are pulled up into boathouses. It is surprising with what ease and skill the people manage them. No noise, no confusion but all work together with a will. They row like machines and the oars all splash the water at once. Of course there is some rivalry between the boats and often very lively races between them going home from church, but having been brought up to this all their lives they handle them with perfect precision and accidents never happen. We followed the last of the boat people up to the village and when we came in sight of the village church a grand sight met our eyes. All about the church, through the graveyard, among the birches in the avenue and scattered in groups in the village were crowds of people all in the peasant costume. Married women in their white caps, girls in the red and widows with the folded cloth over their heads, women with wonderfully rich yellow aprons, others with blue, others with red, children in brilliant almost violent red and yellow formed a festal scene of startling effect and decorative aspect. There must have been two thousand or more peasants or even more. In one corner of the cemetery a funeral was being conducted and women stood in rows a dozen deep on one side of the grave, men on another, the pastor in the middle and masses of children, men and women on the outside. Singing slow mournful music, all bowing their heads in rythm as the pastor said certain words, they made a wonderfully impressive service of it. We entered the church with the rest and stood in the aisle. The interior is quaint and picturesque in spite of its neat whitewash. An arched roof broken by lines of straight galleries, great pillars around the centre and the rough stone floor hidden by the tall, narrow pews. The interior was jammed full to overflowing. In the galleries sat the young men and girls. On the floor the women on one side the men on another. Women all brought their babies and

Midsummer Day.

smaller children with them and crowded into the pews where there is scarcely room to sit down and bend the knees. Perching some children on the pew tops, holding others on their knees the happy mothers sat there for over two hours. There was the cry of children all over the church and the little ones in the aisles ran up and down quietly wriggling in among the elders and some of them with hands and mouth full of bread. The white caps of the women against the grey of the interior, the masses of linen broken occasionally when one came into stronger light than another was most beautiful. The men sat in dignified quiet, having hung their hats apparently all over the church for great black bunches of them came out in strong contrast on all sides against the walls. In the gallery they hung on the candelabra and rude hat-trees made of branches of trees peeled and painted. The service was opened by a priest in rich robes like a Catholic and there was singing by a choir with an organ accompaniment. Then came a sermon by a very commonplace man with a horrible facial expression.

After the service the people poured out of doors in a great troop and groups of men stood about under the trees and crowds of women chattered in the shade. I caught a glimpse of an embroidered coat and called Thulstrup's attention to it. We spoke to the man and found he had two on, the under one older and somewhat worn. It was in evident speculation on his part and he readily parted with the older one. Later another man came round and tried to sell his but we did not buy. I found an old fellow selling old silver things and bought from him three brooches and two rings, giving him somewhat over half the price he asked. I came to find out that he is in the trade. Many painters come here and buy great quantities of garments and the like so this peasant established himself as a sort of old clothes dealer and goes in for speculation with the visitors. The only other indications of a fête beside the birch dressed houses and the crowds of people were a half dozen boys selling simple candies and pieces with mottoes. I bought a lot and passed the rest of the afternoon distributing them to the children and girls who rejpiced equally regardless of age. Everyone shook hands and thanked me for the gift. Some who were too small were urged to do so by their mothers. The children who had been trundled to church in little carts now were carried home again and we had

Midsummer Day.

The procession of the morning repeated. The combination of colors is quite beyond description. Yellows and reds predominated of course and the former color was the most striking and certainly the most beautiful. This was worn by children and by many women partly as mourning partly from caprice. The mourning cap is a simple towel folded over the head in a peculiar way framing the face with white. This is perhaps quite as charming as the close caps of the women in general and certainly more picturesque than the red caps of the girls. Another quite agreeable part of the costume is a neckerchief embroidered in black with black balls on the corners. This is pinned in front with a silver brooch. Richly embroidered mitts are worn also and among the young girls and younger women will be found silk bodices in place of the woollen, always of red and sometimes embroidered. The girls are also fond of embroidered silk caps or those made of floridly figured calico. For the men the dress is always the same - long black coat, red wollen stockings and samll clothes and white stockings. The shoes are mostly high gaiters but the real shoe is thick soled and somewhat low with a flap over the instep.

Yesterday we saw in the churchyard women digging around the grave of a friend and on inquiring we found that until within a year there had never been a public sexton, but the people dug graves for their friends or relatives.

The Midsummer day dinner at the hotel was peculiarly Swedish. In the large dining room with bare floor carpeted only by strips of rag carpet laid down like paths, the fold up side tables were taken out and spread with cloths. A large table in the middle of the room held an elaborate Smörgasbrod with butter fashioned like a great flower and knives, forks, spoons, napkins and plates in profusion, the former three table articles arranged in patterns on the cloth. Each guest helped himself as he wished, going to the side closet for his braun vin (or schnapps) if he chose. After the Smörgasbrod, soup made of sour milk was brought in and the party, ladies and gentlemen, walked up, helped themselves and took the plate, spoon and napkin to a side table and sat down. On a smaller side table was a cluster of bottles of beer and each one helped himself there ad libitum. After this followed a pudding apparently made of blood, a platter of veal and spinach with potatoes. For dessert a sort of custard with stewed currants. Coffee

Followed later and cognac accompanied it. On the table during dinner were bottles

of champagne, claret, port, sherry and other foreign wines. Altogether a Swedish dinner is not so much formal as sociable, and it takes away from the ease of dining to have no service. It is rather difficult to get accustomed to seeing everybody jump up and help himself.

A number of Upsala students were at the dinner, and indeed we saw their white velvet caps everywhere we went. They were walking round the country with knapsacks and seemed to be enjoying themselves in an exceedingly quiet way. I talked long with a theological student and found him wide awake but extra pretentious and conceited.

About half past five we took a cart for Rättick - a two wheeled affair which we had to climb into like into a box. When in, a leather boot covered our knees and a similar one which was behind was turned inside by the boy who drove and he stood there to drive. The road led over a hilly country thickly sprinkled with villages in each of which a maypole was a prominent object and arches of birch trees over the road and gates. At intervals we came to a gate across the highway and here crowds of boys and girls stood and pulled it open in a row standing expectantly for us to throw coppers to them. There was always a rough and tumble scramble for whatever we threw down. Six miles from Leksand, or about halfway to Rättvik we halted on top of a hill for the small horse to rest and we ascended a rude observatory to look over the lake. It lay below us like a map, shining in the warm afternoon sun and as far as the eye could reach to the northward was a succession of pine forests interspersed by gleaming sheets of water and far beyond a range of mountains opal blue in the distance.

At this point, the beginning of the parish of Rättvik, we saw the first change in costume. Men wore shorter coats with longer waists, short waisted buckskin trousers buttoned tightly round the hips and tied at the knee with black buckskin straps with two red worsted balls on each end. The men's shoes are low with inch thick soles and a great leather flap over the tie. The coat has no collar and has a red cord around the front where it hooks together, showing inside a strip of red an inch broad. The waistcoat is also trimmed with a red cord and has two flapped pockets likewise corded. The hat is a low felt, but should be high crowned with narrow brim. We saw a few of this sort with quaintly arranged hat bands. The

Midsummer day.

Stockings both in men and women are very ugly, being knitted very thick with green heel patches for women and leather ones for men and without any shape. Consequently the lower leg is straight up and down and the thick stocking hangs out over the shoe in a very unpleasant manner. The boys are dressed exactly like the men and look as if they would grow clothes and all together. With them, as with the men, there is a large expanse of white shirt visible between the top of the trousers and the bottom of the vest. The shirts are embroidered around the wrists generally in blue like the Russian style.

We reached the hotel in Carlsvik, Rättvik parish, about eight o'clock and found it an exceedingly lively place. The house stands near the lake surrounded by birch trees, lilac bushes and dense shubbery of various kinds. In the courtyard were crowds of peasants, men and women, many of the former rather the worse for liquor. Sounds of carousing came from within and in the garden by the lakeside a score or two of people were drinking. The hotel is some distance from any other house and was apparently the resort for the country sports. In the garden was an Upsala student dressed in peasant's costume with the exception of the cap. This was a good example of the pride the people take in their historical dress and of their devotion to the traditional usages of the peasant life. The drunkeness we saw was the first of any account I saw in Sweden and even here it was not very obnoxious because it took a jolly turn and did not lead to quarrels. According to the license system adopted by the Dalecarlians this was the only place in the vicinity where anything stronger than beer could be had.

Standing in groups among the trees in the garden were girls in their curious dresses, tall pointed black caps and kerchiefs, green bodices, blue skirts with yellow, red and blue striped apron sewn in like a front breadth. Some wore ugly purple or blue skirts and all wore shapeless red stockings and very heavy low shoes with flaps on the instep. Whether it was the crude green of the fresh foliage arranged as it was in artificial and stagy forms, or the cheap supernumery look of the costumes I could not say, but it was difficult even when walking among these girls to think that it was real life at all. It was exactly like some theatre stage and the music which could be heard in the hotel added to the illusion.

Midsummer day.

The dinner, or supper, that evening was quite a hilarious affair. Immediately afterwards a native fiddler and a piano player came in and dancing began. The waltzes, polkas and gallops were all danced in twostep time with a strong accent almost like a foot stamp. Round and round they whirled like tops, the faster the better, and peasant girls brushed their coarse woollen skirts against the shins of the city folk who, having come to enjoy the midsummer fête, were dancing with the rest. The night was so clear and light that it occurred to me to make a sketch, so I got my color box and made one between half past eleven and twelve. The mosquitoes in swarms prevented me from doing a very good thing but I did enough to show the effect of the midnight sun.

Sunday June 25. Early in the morning we walked over to Rättvik church which is situated on a small peninsular at the end of the bay about a mile from the inn. The day was hot and the sky cloudless and with us along the road toiled in the heat and dust families of peasants in their thick woolen dresses. We did not envy them their thick stockings nor their double skirts. In place of the black caps the girls wore fine linen white ones cut square so that when it was drawn tightly on the head the corner stuck up pointed. This corner was left open behind so the hair can be seen through it. A stiff white bow at the back ties the cap closely around the face and a piece of lace three inches wide borders the front. Occasionally we saw one with a black silk cap made like the woolen every day one; with this was worn a black apron and this meant mourning. Along the shore near the church are a score or more small log houses; these serve as stables in the winter time and as dressing rooms on Sundays. When we got there several boats were already in and others were coming. The women were assisting each other with their toilettes on every side and the little houses all had occupants. Several boats came in while we were watching them. On they came full speed to the shore, men and women pulling as hard as they could. With a great sound of oars they neared the beach and apparently without command lifted out their oars simultaneously and the great boat with its numerous freight slid up on the shore. In all haste but with no noise or confusion the people got out, helping the infirm and children to land. Then a dozen strong men and as many girls laid hold of the gunwales and walked the boat clear out of the water and propped her up on even keel. This done everybody set about making the best toilette possible under the circumstances. The church yard and approaches were quite as much crowded as at Leksand and the scene was quite as picturesque for a curious arched gateway with queer gates made a striking composition. If anything the men's costume is even more picturesque than that at Leksand. We followed them into the church and foolishly took our seat one removed from the back. We began sketching the men in front of us and an old fellow came in and took a seat behind us. We of course now began to

sketch continuously and took some trouble to hide our books, but presently he leaned over and said "Don't let me disturb you I have seen a lot of that before now". We then went on again and when the pastor walked down the aisle past us our friend warned us in time for us to get our books out of the way. Soon more came and sat behind us and we got up and sat in the back seat ourselves. During the service a man passed round a velvet bag on the end of a long brass tipped pole to take up a collection. The service was long and apparently uninteresting even to those who could hear and understand for many went to sleep and as at Leksand the sound of many children filled the air. The church interior is not picturesque and we were glad to get out. Boys were selling bread and candy and I distributed some of the latter to the children much to their delight. We made arrangements to go over to Vikarbyn in one of the boats and almost before we knew it, certainly without any noise or confusion, the people had launched and were climbing in. We followed and were given a place in the bow of one of the longest. We of course got in last or nearly the last and all the others were in their places. The men rose and pushed off, then sat down and without any orders or shouting we were off. How fresh and pretty the girls looked and how they did row! The boat scarcely six feet in width but ten times as long was loaded almost to the water's edge and it was really with some hesitation that I took the place pointed out for me to occupy on the gunwale. It seemed as though we must tip over or at least be very unsteady. But although she bent and sprung with the vigorous strokes she kept an even keel. Built of light planks and with small ribs the boat is so flexible that she sways and bends as she goes through the water. Even the iron braces are not bolted to the ribs but hooked on. It seemed to me as if they were rowing extra hard and occasionally one would look over his shoulder to see one of the other boats which got underweigh sooner than we did. It was going to the same village, Vikarbyn, and our crew were doing their best to beat it.

How they did bend over and straighten back with short rapid strokes. Not an oar missed but all struck the water at once with a thud-like splash. The oars are ten feet long or so, made of spruce with handles large near the end and very narrow blades. So in [illegible] combined. So we

order to get the best out of the oar they take the water with a sudden jerk. The sight of those twenty muscular men and twenty healthy girls all bending together was more exhilarating than any boat race I ever saw.

We had noticed at the church that men never paid any attention to the women but the sexes stood carefully apart. It is indeed considered almost improper, certainly unwarranted behaviour, for a young fellow to speak to a girl in a public place and it is a rule of society which I never saw broken. But on the boat I noticed several young couples who were rowing together and who would at the end of the stroke look at each other and perhaps exchange a word. Directly in front of me was a broad shouldered young chap rowing so hard that perspiration streamed off his face. Beside him, crowded against him by the narrowness of the boat was a ruddy, plump girl whose body seemed to be all muscle and spring. Every two or three strokes she would turn round and say a few words in his ear and he would tug away the harder evidently much pleased. Once he looked round, saw me sketching and asked to see it.

It was a very hot day, not a cloud in the sky with three miles or so to row but we went on without a pause and with no abatement of speed. On the same seat with the couple I have mentioned was an honest looking man of about 40 years rowing at the same oar with his wife. He heard me speaking with Thulstrup and turned round and asked me in very good English whether I was an Englishman and on my replying that I was American he said he had been in Minnesota two years - but didn't like it and came back to Dalecarlia and was going to stay. When we ran the boat on shore a moment behind our rival we were the first out and could scarcely get out of the way before the men and women came jumping out almost together and almost quicker than I can write it they had seized the great boat and dragged it up under the shed where it belonged.

We walked up across the fields to the village and sought out the house of a peasant whose daughter is in the employ of the Stockholm Industrial art society. We knocked at the door, but no reply. Soon I saw someone moving inside and knocking again we heard a weak voice saying that he couldn't get up. Thulstrup went to the window and looked in and following

the directions of the invalid we entered the house and came into the room which served for kitchen and living room. Under the window which was full of flowers lay half sitting in a wooden box-bed a fine looking young fellow of about 14 years. He was pale but cheerful looking and wecomed us with joy. He turned down the bedclothes and showed us his right leg all twisted and covered with scars and still unhealed sores. He said it had been broken a year and a half ago but that it was getting better now and would soon be all right. He looked at it much more hopefully than I did. There was a doctor some twenty miles away and he had seen it - probably too late to set it properly. While we were talking to him a little girl dressed in Rättvik costume came in and sat by his bedside and soon another came and he played with them like a child. A little later there entered a grown up daughter, sister of the "Greta" of Stockholm. She after some conversation led us into a small adjoining bedroom and got beer for us and bread and butter. While we were eating the mother came in dressed in her church costume. Judging from the dresses hung about the wall and the caps and handkerchiefs it was her room we were in and when she entered, after the salutation, she cooly began to undress, dropped off one skirt of thick blue wool with stripped breadth in front and showed another exactly like it underneath. She took off her pointed cap and disclosed the bands around her head. These she unwound and left the hard coil around the back of her head. Taking off her boddice she stood in waist and skirt and then began to cook eggs for us over the open fire. The fireplace was like that of all the Swedish peasants, - a raised platform 18 inches or so from the floor with a great hood to carry the smoke into the chimney. Sometimes beside this there is a great boiler set in the brick and sometimes an oven in the back of the chimney. When we had finished our eggs and milk the daughter took us to see a large peasant's house in the village. It was a two story structure built like all the houses of hewn logs. This with the sheds and barns made an enclosure of yard a couple of hundred feet square. The house had two rooms on the ground floor one of them almost empty of furniture with birch leaves strewn over the floor and the other kitchen bed-and-living-room
over the floor and the other kitchen bed- and living-room combined. We

sat down and began to make a note of the interior and while we were at work several women came in. Noticing a box covered up with a red cloth on a stool I asked what it was. One of the women went and uncovered it, and it proved to be a four hour old baby. The mother lay in the next room. Extending part way along one side of the room was a bed like a ship's bunk with a bench in front of it and the curtain drawn. Beside this stood a quaint bureau. Beyond a double window to the right or at the foot of the bunk was the usual fireplace with a low but neat range in place of the open fire. In the corner opposite the bed was a curious "buffet" like the old American ones. Two beams crossed the room a foot below the ceiling, a chopping block stood by the door, steelyards hung on the wall, curious chains stood all about and pewter plates and platters together with the curious and richly colored pottery of the country decorated the shelves. The women talked and chatted and we were surpised to hear a voice issue from the bunk. It was the peasant who had taken advantage of the Sunday holiday to sleep all he could since a day's work at this season is from 5 a.m. till 8 p.m. and ploughing, harrowing and all the farm work is often continued until nearly midnight. The woman showed us upstairs into her kläder kammer where we saw a wonderful sight, poles were fastened along the rafters short distances apart and these were hung with rows of pure white shirts and handkerchiefs, petticoats, jackets, aprons and boddices lined the walls, caps hung in rows in the corners, and over long tables were carefully arranged the quilted petticoats for Sunday wear. A few curious chairs stood about and the light which entered from a long low window illuminated the room in a picturesque way. One chair in particular had a double seat so it would open and make a long table, the back forming a fifth leg. In the adjoining room hung all the furs used in winter perfectly white, beautifully made sheepskin short jackets and petticoats for the women, long coats for the men and wee little garments for the children. More beautifully dressed or cleaner skins I never saw. We found, when we came to leave, that the woman although said to be rich and certainly very comfortably off did not object to a couple

Kronex and when she took the money bobbed and shook hands with "TACK!" exactly as the children.

The day was very warm and we did not care to walk four or five miles around the road to Rättvik or Carlsvik so we enquired for a boat and found that a man was going across just where we wanted to go. On going with him to the lake side, after a hearty adieu to the people except the daughter who insisted on accompanying us to the boat, we found two strong young girls of fourteen years or so already out in the boat. Our boatman who was as lazy as he was loquacious got an oar for one of us to steer, gave me a salmon line to trail and amused himself by looking around the lake through a little telescope and let the girls do most of the rowing. But they looked very strong and healthy and did not appear to mind it. A strange thing was that the man wouldn't take anything for bringing us across saying that he had to come anyway. A half crown apiece to the girls made them happy for the rest of the day.

That evening we found the hotel rather sparely inhabited only five being in the dining room beside the proprietor, a little very fat man who was as jovial as he was fat. Two young fellows, boys, from Stockholm with a friend a commercial drummer and two peasants in full costume were noble types of men. One of them a tall very large blond as straight and dignified as an emperor with an exceedingly kind and intelligent face. His companion was less of a man but was still a very fine specimen. After dinner or supper for it was 9:30 p.m. one of the boys began to play the piano and the old proprietor got very jolly and wanted to dance so we all took glasses of beer and went round the room to the time of the music clinking glasses with "skal!" as we met one another. This seemed to set everybody going and when we adjourned to the veranduah to drink coffee and smoke all were in good humor and already quite well acquainted. After coffee judge of our surprise when the large peasant ordered in champagne to toast America with. There was much toasting all round after that with the sweet swedish punch and soda water . The peasant began to talk in reply to our questions and went on to give a very eloquent description of the life in a Dalecarlian village, what the people lived on and what they did. Thus the hours wore away and it was still as light as day. At last when the sun rose at

three o'clock we started home stopping a moment to roll the balls in the open air bowling alley then, with an adieu! adieu! to the peasants and the others we went to bed.

Monday June 26.

Naturally enough we slept until quite late and only reached the church where we were to paint at about noon. The place had quite another aspect from what it had the day before. Now it was entirely deserted, the gates shut and the boats all gone. The church which was founded in 853 is a curious structure of nondescript architecture in the form of a cross with a tower rather fine in proportion with a pointed top covered with copper. A lightning rod looks rather out of place on it. Thulstrup made a water color of one of the curious church yard gates and I an oil study of the church and log houses from the landing place of the boats. It was a very warm day and we were glad enough to be rowed home having seen nothing particularly interesting except perhaps a door way on the east end of the church made of reddish granite and also a lot of huge cast iron slabs over graves - like the ones in Leksand. The birch trees which surround the church and line the approaches to it are not paintable for they are too round in form and have too mild a character. At six o'clock we took the Gustaf Wasa for Mora, a sail of twenty miles or more. The lake was quite smooth and looked like silver in the hot sunlight. The shores were covered with trees and from the steamer we could see what a small proportion of land is cultivated. The villages are quite near one another and near both the upper and lower ends of the lake and the houses are very thickly scattered over the country. As we approached the upper end of the lake the scenery although not grand or strange was still very beautiful. Ranges of high hills formed a background on every side and the shores of the lake were indented with little bays and numerous small islands dotted the water before us. The tall spire of the church of Mora rose in the near distance and we saw four great church boats pulling rapidly toward a village we had just past. They had evidently been attending an afternoon service. When they came near, each boat a perfect

bouquet of color, they waved handkerchiefs and shouted joyfully, rowing all the while. Each boat had not less than 80 occupants and forty of these were crew. With their bright costumes, happy faces and perfect discipline they seemed members of some large fine family living in unbroken harmony.

Mora itself is not attractive from the water except because the silhouette of the village with trees and the dominant church steeple, is, as seen against the afternoon sky, interesting and picturesque. On a near approach there are seen a number of white houses and here and there, only, the characteristic red log house of Sweden. A little pleasure steam tender puffing around the bay and a rather pretentious villa on an eminence nearby made it seem as if we were in the centre of civilization. Landing we found room in the hotel, a large 3 story white structure with iron summer tables with awnings standing in the front yard and a curious mixture of modern improvement and Scandinavian conservative style in the interior. The diningroom was an immense place with a small table in the middle, a piano one side, the regulation tall porcelain stove with place to heat plates and a half dozen fold up tables of different forms standing along the walls. When we came to eat we found beer in plenty and good at that and went unhesitatingly to the closet with suspiciously dirty door to get our "sup" after the smörgasbord but further than this no one might go. At Leksand the wine list included H ds ck, Hocheimer and port and many other wines, at Rättvik the list was quite as long (although we took advantage of neither cellar) but in Mora the temperance people were in the majority and the commune voted to allow no liquor selling (300 to 200). Even on board the steamer where en voyage the punch could be bought ad libitum and cognac also, no one from the town could get a drink while in port. We found the town not very interesting, an old belfry behind the church being the most remarkable piece of architecture. There were signs of the midsummer festival still visible in the withered birch boughs that decorated the doors and the birch mats at the doorsteps; the steamer at the wharf was also covered in green. The women we met were dressed in skirt and boddice like those of the other parishes except that the skirt was of fluted cloth and in place of headdress they wore a handkerchief,

usually of pink on the head. The men wear short jackets and small clothes.
The inhabitants of the neighbouring parish Orsa appear quite like the peasants of the Louis XIV with full skirted coats, low hat and small clothes with long flapped waistcoat - all greysish white but the stockings which are blue, and the hat which is black. We saw several on the street. Women wear jackets just the same cut as men's. The Mora mosquitoes and fleas take the belt for voracity and courage and we slept but little that night.

Tuesday June 27th.

A Swedish painter Falb by name whom we chanced to meet accompanied us to the Gustav Wasa monument about a mile from Mora where he was copying on of the pictures . The so called monument stands near the village Tomtgärden in Utmedland and covers the spot where Gustav Wasa was hidden in the cellar from the Danish pursuers by the wife of Tomt-Mats Larrson who covered the trap door by a beer vat in which she was brewing. The monument is a small square building resembling more a railway outbuilding than anything else having an ugly cupola apparently of iron. On nearer approach however the details of carved work on panels under the side of the projecting roof are seen to be fine. On entering the door the visitor finds himself in a square ill-or-not-at-all ventilated room lighted from the top full of mosquitoes and bad pictures. A trap door in the floor leads down into the cellar where the hero was hidden and where the same door still hangs rotting and the same walls still enclose a space of 6 x 8 feet or so. Escape from innumerable mosquitoes which swarmed in the upper room was the only thing that repaid a visit to the cellar. Opposite the door hangs a large picture by J.F.Hökert representing the scene which took place on the spot the memorial building commemorates. It is conventional in treatment and in no way satisfactory. On the right hand side a fairly bad landscape by the late Charles XV - the 18th successor of G.W. - of the village of Sälen in the parish of Lima in Norway, noteworthy in the history of the hero. On the opposite wall is a large Dusseldorf landscape by E.Berg of the house at Osnäs where at the end of November 1520 Arenett Persson's wife "the noble Barbro Stigsdatter con-

G.W. in the disguise of a laborer.
cealed G.W. in the disguise of a labourer and when the Danes came to look

for him, beat the King with the baking shovel thus throwing the enemy off the scent. In neither of the three pictures did I see much to inspire me with Swedish patriotism - but perhaps I am hypercritical.

In a little house adjoining the monument the keeper - a little old man - sells photographs in a close hot room full of mosquitoes likewise. We were glad to row back to the hotel again and the lake being very high, part of our way was over meadows where the buttercups stuck out of the water. In the afternoon the painter volunteered to show us some old houses and we accepted with pleasure. Rambling off through the town we found old exteriors in plenty and stopping before one low log house we looked in the window. No one was at home and the room was a marvel of picturesqueness. Presently the woman came along and we entered. There were two rooms and an entry. The large room served as sleeping-dining and cookroom, the entry and the small room were the kläde kammere, both of them being hung full of white linen garments, bright woolen aprons, caps, petticoats and winter sheepskins as pure and white as swansdown. A wealth of garments was there but a poverty of other luxuries or necessities even. It was a typical Swedish house. In the living room were two bunks in the wall, a fire place, buffet, several chairs of all sizes and shapes, including one style Louis XIXI and one of a hollow tree trunk. Over the bunks were hung on poles across the rafters finely worked towels, all home woven with ends for 6 inches or more in openwork. This was to light up the room the woman said. In front of the bunks were hung as curtains home woven connterpanes of bright colors. A peep into the bunks showed that straw was the bed and that clean linen was spread on this. Hanging shelves supported dishes and baskets, knives stuck in racks on the under side of the shelves and short wooden spoons stuck in a board in the corner. The pottery was of the coarest kind, red and yellow ware with crude but interesting decoration, sometimes very fine in color however. On a pole near the fire were hung several folds of bread, this is rolled out as thin as stout brown paper, baked and folded up and hung over a pole to dry. It tastes about the same as brown paper also. We sat down and went to work, the woman having entertained an artist on the same errand before, leaving us quite to ourselves. Toward night the man returned from

his long tramp to see to the cattle and she cooked him a simple meal, porridge and coffee and they ate it in the little Klädekammer so as not to disturb us. A little boy played in and out with the same kind of play-things other children have, broken porcelain dolls, spools, bottles, buttons etc. In the course of the afternoon several peasant women came and looked in and chatted pleasantly and went away. Past the window went and came a little girl of a half dozen years carrying water. She had a long pole with a little wheel on one end. By resting the other end of the pole on her shoulder and hanging the pole on a knob two thirds the way down the stick she could quite easily wheel a full pail. In the centre of our study was a small window with panes set in lead and in front of this several pots full of flowers. The contrast of this with the smoke blacked rafters and age-toned woodwork was refreshing. It is a peculiarity of the Swedish taste to enjoy flowers. Every Smörgåsbord table at the hotels was decorated with field flowers, even at the RR. restaurants it was so and no house was too mean to have a good collection of potted plants. They cultivate the lilac in great profusion and often the houses are quite embowered in the great lilac trees. The man of the house proved to be a very intelligent man who wanted to go to America - like almost everybody else we met. When we came to talk about it with him we found he knew quite as much about it as we did, knew the names of the largest steamers, their tonnage and speed etc. And furthermore he was not going to emigrate in a hurry; he was going over himself to try it awhile and if he didn't like it was coming back. But he was not going to sell his property here until he found out whether he would prosper in America or not. Asking him why it was that so many emigrated he said because they were so poor here. "Why are they so poor when there is so much land?" "Because they don't cultivate much," he said. "Is it bad land?" I asked. "No, but it doesn't pay to cultivate it if there is going to be a new division." And then after considerable questioning I found out that the land was divided and sub-divided to such an extent by marriages and legacies that no one had a farm of any size that was not spread all over the country in

...ilding a log house

1882.

small pieces. When a farmer's sons marry they get a piece of his farm, the whole farm does not go down to a single son or to sons in partnership. Thus after many years all the farms in the parish get cut up. No one has pasture land within half a day's walk of home. In this confusion those who are worse off clamor for a new division of the land which can be made by a majority vote of the parish. This new division takes about 20 years to accomplish so, of course, in expecting a new division for the benefit of others no one will undertake to improve the land. Thus little new ground is broken and all remain dependent on what they now cultivate. The season is so short that the kind of crops is limited. Labor brings from 1 to 1.50 per day only and work can be got only during three or four months of the year. This drives people away to a country where they can get plenty of work. Taxes are high in some parishes, so high indeed that men ~~in some~~ with an income of 600 kroner pay 60 for tax. Though not priest ridden the people of Dalecarlia are religion ridden to some extent because they apparently live for going to church since they spend all they can rake and scrape upon Sunday clothes. Our friend the peasant seemed to look at this very philosophically and to be of a progressive turn of mind. He wore none of the parish dress except the jacket. But his wife was dressed in the costume. He said that this costume was fast dying out and that even now only old people and the very religious ones stuck to it. It was inconvenient, expensive and he didn't see the use of it.

Noticing he was rather sleepy we asked him the reason of it. He said that he had been up all night on the fire watch. That they took turns all round patrolling the town, blowing a horn every hour in different quarters. In fact the first night we came we met one of the fire watch dragging a huge naked sabre and blowing a short brass horn. Another thing we had expected to see in Dalecarlia but had found none was the household manufacturies. We found out that they had all disappeared on account of foreign competition. The importation of cheap German clocks had put an end to the sale of the hand made article and thus the Dalecarlians were thrown out of employment. One thing I noticed however that in spite of poverty and the hard work we saw no rags and never a tramp or a beggar.

Near the house where we were painting they were building a log house and it was interesting to watch them. As the working day is from 5 a.m. till 8 p.m. the men did not work with much zeal but they certainly did show great skill. The straight spruce logs were brought a few at a time, hewn and put in place one by one - fitting the upper one upon the lower by hewing the surface convex. Moss is packed tightly between and the wall when completed is 6 or 8 inches thick and almost heat and cold proof. I doubt if any other buildings would be as well suited to the country and climate. The roof is made in several ways; the commonest way is to shingle with very fine shingles, two deep, but they also cover the roofs with several layers of birch bark and put boards with battens on top of this holding the whole down by stones. Red tiles are, however, much used in the best houses in villages. There is very little attempt at ornament at all. Occasionally is seen a porch with posts and cornices cut in rude scroll work. Quite often the houses are plastered over the outside and whitewashed, neatly stuccoed corners being worked over the log ends and cornices under the eaves, but the first improvement made is casing in the log ends with planed boards and painting them black or white to contrast with the red of the building. In the villages very few painted houses are found but when they are colored at all it is with the cheap red paint common to the country.

Wednesday June 28.

When we went to paint today we found both father and mother engaged in cutting the boy's hair. It made a curious little genre picture as the little fellow sat there curled up and crying while the mother stood over him and the father plied the scissors vigorously. The toilette of the men is quite simple and they need no barber to cut their hair for it is cut straight round often as high as even with the tops of the ears. They almost always shave clean, rarely wear side whiskers and never, one may say, wear a beard. The women either are endowed by nature with a scant allowance of hair or they pull it out by tying it up so tight to keep it out of sight, but they certainly do no have much. I noticed however that the

women were almost always blond, one and the men brown, that is a genuine blond among men is almost as rare as/with very dark hair. I saw not one real white grey headed man in Dalecarlia.

To return to the architecture, the windows are often very picturesque, quite often composed of small panes set in lead and once in a while will be found one set in a gothic pattern. It is common enough to see in an old barn one of the quaint old leaded windows and on the door a handle made of ingeniously wrought iron quite in Scandinavian style and really ornamental. Of course porcelain stoves are found in every large house and these are often made of colored tiles more noticeable for strength of color than for beauty. The peasants are fond of strewing leaves of birch or other trees over the floors and even this simple custom adds much to the cheerfulness of the interior. Whole carpets are unknown but strips of rag carpet are often used loosely on the floor. They only wash clothes once in two or three months according as they have enough to last and only bake as often as necessary and then make a day of it.

We were obliged to finish our study in the middle of the afternoon because the sun came in so we could not work on it. We therefore said good bye to the peasants and went and made a sketch of the curious old belfry that stands behind the church. This with the mosquitoes occupied us till bedtime. Today early came a boatload of ministers and people to attend a conference in the church here so we had plenty of black coats on all sides of us. I could not help comparing the excursion with a similar one in America for there was twenty women to one man and all came prepared to picnic and have a good time - dressed of course in their holiday clothes. It would have astonished an American congregation to see their pastor, fat and dignified, wrestling with the cork of a beer bottle in a crowded public dining room while his upper lip gave unmistakable traces of devotion to snuff. The clergy like the monks seem to be very well fed and fat and comfortable. But it is noticeable that the peasants do no regard them with as much veneration as formerly. Probably it is the advance of liberalism for the people here although apparently out of the world do have some very advanced ideas and are fast getting rid of their puritanical notions.

Wednesday June 29.

The morning was very cold and the funnel of the little steamer Gustaf Wasa was quite comfortable as we stood in the lee of it and looked at the landscape of the head of the lake. As it happened we had seen very little of Mora costume because the people were all at work; there were curious things enough around the town, funny carts and odd little shops where I bought pipes and combs. But we were not sorry to leave the place after all, all the more glad since we found the hotel bill extraordinarily large. There came on the boat beside several more people a number of men and women from Orsa with the Louis XIII cut of garments - quite like the peasants of that time indeed. The men, large and fine looking, wore the knee breeches and blue stockings, long waistcoats with flaps, full skirted coats reaching to the knee and low crowned hats. Low shoes also were worn by some of them. There was a dignity and style about these people which I have not noticed before which seems strange since Orsa is so near Mora. But the reason for the great difference in physical characteristics of the people of different parishes is that they keep now and have kept for many generations, quite distinct. The men and women marry outsiders but they do not marry Dalecarlians of other parishes than those they live in. Pride of locality is so strong that even love does not overcome it. But this pride will doubtless disappear with the costume and there are too many indications that the latter is fast going out of date. Men begin by substituting on all days except Sunday trousers in place of the breeches and stockings. Flexible shoes are also put on in place of the clumsy thick soled shoes of the regular costume.

The trip down the lake was pleasant but cold and we ran into the river near the mouth of which Leksand is situated about 9:30 o'clock. At the landing we already felt quite at home for the children in yellow dresses and the women in white caps and yellow aprons looked quite natural and home like. There is unmistakably a greater style in the Leksand dress than in any other - the caps are more chaste and the dress has less of the dramatic about it. A small boy struggled to the hotel carrying our bag. It was very heavy

but he would not give it up and tottered along the whole distance without resting once. It was an exhibition of pluck such as one would rarely meet in the South or indeed away from Scandinavia. At the hotel we had the same room with the slide in beds which shut up to half their length and we felt so much at home that in half an hour I was out on the road making a landscape study. While there at work, perhaps a half mile from the hotel, a boy came bringing a telegram from Lily the first word I had received since leaving Stokkholm. It was only to say she was well and contented.

At dinner in the hotel that afternoon we had for the first course Meat and potatoes, for the second fish and for the last soup. At first we reasoned that it was a mistake of the servant but on enquiring of her we found out that they were accustomed to serve dinner in that way in Leksand. We told her we should have to stand on our heads to eat dinner if she put it on in this order again. After dinner an old woman came round selling spruce gum. The servant was bargaining for it for 30 öre (6 or 7 cents) for a great handful. I paid her 40 öre and then distributed it to the great delight of the people who were much astonished at the liberality! Here at the hotel we get our beer served in American beer bottles with patent stoppers and sometimes one sees on the table in the Smörgåsbord a can of lobster preserved in Portland, Maine. They are not very far behind the times here after all.

Friday June 30

We engaged a little girl to pose for us today and arranged our stuio in a little house opposite the hotel where an old kitchen gave us a sober interior. The girl came with her sister and both were dressed up spick and span with shining faces. We sat down to work but the little girl (only 4 or 5 years) began to cry and after several attempts we sent her away and sent for another. She proved to be better suited to our purpose, a mass of curly light hair straggling out from under her close fitting red cap and her face tanned rich brown. We worked on her nearly all day, five hours perhaps, then she got too tired and we let her go. During the day an old woman came to sell costumes and after much haggling I bought the greatest part of one, all, in fact, but the shirt. And she made me pay for it too. The people here are much too sharp to

suit me in trade. The ethnographical museum people from Stockholm together with the agents of the Industrial school and museum have scoured the country for old things and now the people are all awake to trade. On Sunday a large number of women came in bringing a few things in a bundle to try and sell to visitors and very often the men wear in two coats to sell one. As for jewelry and silver ware that is all sold long ago. After some trouble I got hold of an old man who sold them and I bought him out, nearly. This same old fellow proved to be a sort of country trader and in the evening he asked us to come out to his house in the village of Heden as he said a half hour's walk from Leksand. We were rather suspicious of this distance so we put off our visit until the next day. The great excitement of today proved to be an auction which was held in a hall near the hotel. The landlady told us it was an auction so at noon, seeing a great crowd of people around the place, I strolled over there. When I drew near I saw the men around the door standing with uncovered heads and heard the sound of a hymn from within. This rather frightened me and I thought I had misunderstood the landlady and this was a funeral. But no, she said it was an auction so I went over again. By this time the hymn was finished and the people were talking sociably around the door. Entering the large room I saw the women all seated on benches on one side, the men on another as in church and at one end in the middle a table with one man seated beside it and the auctioneer standing up with some towels in his hand. In a most plaintive voice he would say "En krona! En krona! En krona!" Once, twice, three times, sold! He was the most mournfully persuasive auctioneer I ever saw and as there was apparently no bidding except that of the landlady of the hotel the scene was not a remarkably lively one. We bought at private sale a little of the ribbon they bind their caps with and came away the En krona! sounding like mournful music in our ears.

Saturday July 1st

There was a small market in the square this morning and I went over to see what there was to buy. The articles were chiefly whittled ones such as baskets, rakes and the like. The Dalecarlians are noted for their

1882. - 33 -

Yankee tricks. They whistle and they whittle and they chew gum. And they whittle very well too as the rakes testified. These were made by shaping a curved stick which held the teeth and morticing into that the handle. They had none of the round braces as ours have. Baskets were very neat and light - and cheap as well for they sold a two quart one for 8 öre. Then in birch bark they made great paniers for pack saddles all braided of strips an inch or so wide and very curious slippers. I tried to buy a pair of these last but they had sold all that would fit me. I don't know if I have put down yet the very peculiar habit of wearing leather aprons. But on all occasions the men wear short leather aprons reaching to their knees and covering the body very well. A strap with an ornamental buckle binds this to the waist. Even at church this is sometimes worn and most men only take it off when they go to bed or put on their best clothes. One would think to look at them that they were all shoemakers or blacksmiths. In Gagnef parish the custom is carried so far that even the small children wear tiny leather aprons. In regard to the habit of dressing the children in yellow, some say that they keep them in this birch dyed cloth until they can say the catechism and others declare that they only wear it until they are nine years old. It is certainly very picturesque and sometimes even extremely beautiful in color. We took a kärra for Heden at about eleven o'clock and found that our suspicions about the distance were well founded for we drove ~~the distance~~ for at least a half hour over a rough road before we got to the village and could not have walked it in an hour. We found the old man in a very neatly painted red house with buildings surrounding a courtyard all newly painted of bright red. He began to bargain at once and we went into his klädekammare - a little house in the row of buildings - and there he was ready to sell out everything he had. We bought shirts. Thulstrup bought a chest and a beer can. We then went into the next house where there was a klädekammare in the attic and finding it picturesque Thulstrup sat down to make an illustration of it. Not having anything to do I concluded to make a study of the courtyard and when I went in to do it I found it full of people. The old man had brought out a large copper kettle full of water and the men and women (farmers from a distant village on their way to Leksand) were washing in it. They had been walking since

stone, is used instead and it has the initials of the repairers cut on each

morning and stopped here to take their luncheon. First the girls washed faces and arms and necks, having taken off handkerchiefs and boddices. Then the men did the same. Next the women washed their feet and ankles and the men also. At last they all went into the house and ate their luncheon. When they had finished, they sang a hymn together and set out for the rest of their walk. It caused the greatest commotion among them because I introduced in my sketch the figure of one of them as he sat on the portico and ate his luncheon. The old man was now very much excited on the subject of the sale of antiquities and brought me no end of old stuff, worthless and uninteresting, but which he supposed might have value because it was old. I bought a pair of candle sticks and a pair of shoe buckles which are more or less good and bargained for all the rings he had except one. He had agreed to get me a beer can and the one intended for me Thulstrup bought so I went with him in search of another. We went into an old interior very quaint and picturesque where an old man sat making shoes and a girl of 16 sat spinning wool on a flax wheel. The moss showed between the logs, there hung on the wall two wooden bunks like ships berths with no curtains before them and curious old chairs stood about in the corners. From the poverty of the dishes and the furniture they were evidently very badly off. I found nothing to my taste so went away and ran all over the village on this fruitless errand. We drove back in the middle of the afternoon rather discouraged with our day's work for we had made nothing worth having and had spent a lot of money. The thing I remember with most pleasure that day was a cheerful mother who stood beside me while I sketched, Noticing she swayed her body while she knitted I asked her if she had a baby on her back. She turned around and showed me a little child sleeping sweetly in the leather knapsack. Another thing that particularly struck me was the marks for the highway repairers. Everywhere here the roads are divided up into sections and each man has a certain section to keep in repair. In the villages of some size these sections are marked by red posts with the initials of the men painted on each side. In the country, however, a flat stone stuck up in the ground, having a hole drilled through it, to mark it, I imagine, from an ordinary

stone, is used instead and it has the initials of the repairers cut on each side.

Sunday July 2.

Early this morning the boys brought out their stores of candy and arranged them in chairs in the square, the country people begand to pour in from all roads, and all under the trees around the church were dotted the pure white caps and sleeves and the gleams of yellow aprons. We had determined to take the boat at 10 o'clock and so (after another bout with the old man who brought me a beer can) we went to the steamer and said good bye to all our friends including the snuff and chewing-tobacco maker who had, I forgot to say, on Friday evening invited us to his house to have a "tuting" or toddy drink. This entertainment consisted of a few solemn toasts drunk in hot spirits and water and a great deal of talk about America where the man is very anxious to go with his whole family of seven children. They all came down to see us off - not the children - but all our friends and we went away in quite a flourish of popularity. The trip down the Dalelven was a repetition of the ascent of the same river, and we were not sorry to land at Grästa and take the diligence for Gagnef's kyrka about two miles away. There we were to wait two hours and went, of course, immediately to the church. The service was in full swing but the church yard was full of people and there was plenty to sketch. If anything the men's dress is even more puritanical than at Leksand, the coats have fuller skirts, they wear blue instead of white stockings and are more inclined to wear pointed hats. The women combine a great variety of curious and unpicturesque articles of dress for they wear a lace poke-like a sunbonnet-/with a cap over this and a florid purple green and red kerchief tied over this, a white neckerchief, red boddice, white chemise, black skirt, red apron tied with long strings ended by large balls or tassels, red stockings and low shoes with great buckles. Some women - married ones only - wear great red sunbonnets, ugly enough, and short waisted jackets. There are signs of great degeneracy in this costume for the women's aprons were of the shiny store cloth as dazzling red as could be bought. The children above a certain age, 6 or 8, dress just like their

elders, but below that always in yellow, the girls in fluted dresses with red cuffs and aprons and red handkerchiefs on their heads. The Gagnef church interior is not very interesting but the examination of the children for the first communion was of some interest. The service apparently lasted five hours or more for when we left it had already been going on for four, and no signs of a pause yet. Still the congregation filed out a-little at a time and went home. The men looked like old Puritans and never did I see more curious and characteristic types in my life. They haven't the ugliness of the Germans nor the grossness of the Dutch but are active and wiry looking and withal very quaint and odd in appearance. I noticed the little girls going from one cross to another in the grave yard putting both hands on it bowing the head and praying. In Leksand as we went to the boat we saw 4 men carrying a child in a coffin on a bier to be put in the open grave. Some old women standing in a group evidently in hopes there would be a funeral with something sensational in it looked at one another in a disappointed way and muttered "Only a little one". In Gagnef however there was no funeral and I was glad of it, because it grew to seem as if these people lived only to declare their mortality and prepare for immortality. There was altogether too much funeral and church going although the latter is very entertaining. As we left Leksand we met a few church boats amd saw a half dozen others drawn up on the shore but at Gagnef there was apparently nothing of the kind.

From Gagnef's Kyrka we took the small boat Barbro for Bâtsta at 2 p.m. and reached there after a shaky voyage of no great interest at about 4:30. At five:30 we were in our old room in the Borlänge hotel where we sat as calmly as we could, eaten up by fleas, waiting for half past nine to come when we found we could see them make steel in the Dommarfuet works near by.

We went thither as we intended and saw the operation, a mixing up of molten metals in a huge crucible on trunnions and the blast from its mouth more horrible and noisy than anything I ever saw before. The spectacle of men controlling with ease the horrible fire monster was most impressive and I could not get rid of my astonishment at the carelessness of the workmen who moved the great

Kettles of melted iron about or dipped ladles full from them like so much porridge. They roll a great deal of steel wire here apparently for use in making tools and the like. I noticed in Borlänge that the carpenters who were constructing a house on a foundation of green slag cast in large blocks, used instead of the hewn logs sawn timber of about the same dimensions. This is a sign of a change in the architecture of the country I believe because they will easily come from that to frame houses. There are great saw mills at Borlänge opposite the iron works and immense numbers of logs are worked up every day. Thousands go over the dam to mills below. The great railway bridge over the river just above the works is an object of admiration of all travellers and the rows of neat stucco houses built to the number of 25 - 30 by the company show a degree of enterprise scarcely to be expected here.

Monday July 3

On the way from Borlänge to Upsala we passed a camp of Dalecarlian militia something like the Landwehr. Fine looking soldierly men well uniformed and well trained. The custom still prevails here of having military villages where all the soldiers are given land and cultivate it for their profit and have to camp for a few weeks in the summer only. The men are subject to frequent inspection but otherwise are comparatively free. This is an inexpensive and popular way of keeping a standing army.

We stopped in Upsala three or four hours finding it an interesting place, not particularly picturesque but still worth seeing. The college buildings are neither fine nor imposing and the town does not seem to have much the aspect of an university town. Students are numerous there although it is vacation time and I think I can manage to get an interesting article out of it.

Tuesday July 4

Studied in the National Museum the development of the clasp or fibula from a simple safety pin to the complicated, heavy and much ornamented clasp of the 16th and 17th centuries. The changes are curious, interesting and easy to understand. In the museum is a most complete and comprehensive collection of bronze weapons and ornaments, silver and gold jewlry

and the like not to speak of the wonderful collection of stone weapons. The costume department I found of the greatest interest and there I saw some genuine buff coats and boots and dresses of all kinds worth study. The pictures are fine particularly the department of the Netherlands school. Several Rembrandts, a number of Rubens, many Terniers and other genre painters. The modern Scandinavian school are well represented also and there are some fine works among them.

Dined in the Hassellbacken with Dr. Salin celebrating July 4th in a quiet way.

July 7.

In company with Mr and Mrs Thulstrup took express train for Upsala at 10 o'clock. Went to Stadshotel where we found beautiful rooms in the annex. The hotel seems to be run for the restaurant which is always full of people and for its café all colored with smoke even the little gallery that runs along one side forming extra place for students to sit in on crowded evening. Upsala is rather still but when the term begins it is lively enough - the history of every university town. I went at once to find Mr Annerstadt (Claes Annerstadt, royal historiographer) and after some difficulty made my way into the library where he was at work having been newly appointed librarian. I found him very agreeable and ready, as he said, "to do anything for a friend of Mr. Schlingler". We made an appointment for the afternoon when I called again and was shown by him all over the library and was permitted to handle the precious manuscript and the famous "Codex Argentens" translation of the four evangelists into Gothic by Bishop Ulfilas in the 4th century. We visited Mr A's home where he has a delightful garden and a picturesque interior full of fine old furniture the legacy, he told me, of an old aunt who knowing he had nothing to his name but two spoons gave him her entire furniture. He picked a rose from his garden for my buttonhole - an attention met with only among a flower loving people like the Swedes and after an hour or two of lively conversation I left him reluctantly - knowing him to be so busy I did not call upon him again. I had previously made arrangements through the bookseller whose acquaintance I had made on the previous visit

To secure the services of a student guide. A Mr. Pilgren, a genuine student in type and character turned up at the hotel and I at once began my interrogations about the university much to his delight. We found him a very agreeable companion, and with a fluent tongue both in English, French and German, having visited all these countries for some length of time. We took him to the "Flustret", a café which answers to the Hasselbacken of Stockholm and gave him a "Sexa" which although it did not equal the famous one of Gothenburg still was very nice. He ate as though such a feast was not common to him. I should have mentioned among other things that the Codex Argentens is bound in repousée silver with figures of winged time with hourglass and winged female figure holding book labelled Codex Argentens and through an archway a little perspective scene of bishop writing at a desk. On other cover is a collection of coats of arms and the back is ornamented with repoussé oak leaves. The inscription reads "Ulfshila redivivus et patriae restitutus cara M.G. De la Gardie R.S. Chancellarij Anno 1669."

Among several interesting manuscripts was a letter from G.Adolphus to Queen Christine dated Lidköping 19/6 1612 and several latin exercises as well as letters by Charles XII written at different times from boyhood to death. The astrological and political journal of Eric XIV année 1566 found at Paris by a Swede who saw a grocer using Swedish manuscripts as wrapping paper. He bought it for a few sous and the grocer said that the week before he had had a great heap of similar manuscripts. Thus disappears untold wealth of old writings.

July 8.

Our trip through University began at once after breakfast and we went at once to the Gustavarium where is the natural history collection and several lecture rooms, none of which were open, but could be seen through windows. I was much struck by the poverty of everything and by the limited size of the buildings and the want of anything like conveniences. In the lecture rooms were plain wooden benches with narrow boards on the back of each serving as desk for the one in the rear - quite like our school houses of the past generations. A painted pulpit served the lecturer as reading desk and suggested ecclesiastical harangues rather than philo-...

-sophical or mathematical lectures. Blackboards showed signs of use. We visited the faculty rooms of Philosophy and medicine, low ceiled chambers in a small house irregular of shape under the very shadow of the Cathedral. A plain table with several chairs around it is almost the only furniture of the room. The medical faculty room is rather more pretentious in way of fittings but is still very plain and unobtrusive. Adjoining each are retiring rooms, that of the Ph.Fac. rather curious for having hat pegs and galosh cupboards labelled with professors' names. There is also a lecture room in the building so low in ceiling that from the benches one can touch it. Between the two faculty rooms is the waiting room where the candidates who pass their examinations in the faculty rooms writing at little tables near the windows, sit and await in trepidation the verdict from the professors. It has the same hopeless, barren look that I remember similar rooms had at Harvard.

The consistorum, or room where the different faculties meet in joint conclave is in quite another style with highbacked red plush chairs ranged in solemn row around a long table and at the head a red damask draped throne-like chair for the Rector Magnificus (Sahlin - uncle, by the way, of Dr.Salin). On the walls are portraits of the monarchs of Sweden and on the table an impressive row of books - the constitutional laws of the country. There was more style and dignity about this room than any we saw in Upsala. The edifice itself however, is by no means imposing forming as it does one side of the irregular place in which the cathedral is situated. The latter structure, a large, brick, gothic church with two rather ugly towers shows in its different portals, beautifully carved, signs of a design not carried out or at least only partly so. It was nearly ruined by the fire of 1702 as the interior shows for all the marbles are cracked and shattered in a most dreadful way. The curious gilded pulpit and the encaged chest with the bones of St Erik are the most interesting objects in the body of the church. Several chapels, particularly that with the tomb of John III and that of Gustavus Wasa - the latter lying between his two wives in marble, one of them with a plaster head - are curious. That which interested us the most was a little chamber above the side aisle where hung scores of priests' vestments and in

a case the clothes of the murdered Sture. It was curious to see the leather jacket pierced full of triangular holes (lance stabs) and poignard cuts. A ruffled collar was curious in workmanship and the leather jacket had pockets in front and was laced. On the fur cap was sewn a lady's glove, a small one too, said to be that of the murdered man's sweetheart. A slender stone about 2 inches broad and 8 feet long was crossed on the wall with a tattered white banner. The first was sent by King Albert of Mecklenburg to Queen Margaret to sharpen needles on (in derision), the latter made by her out of her undergarments. We found the Chemicum very much like an ordinary labratory - a long building with corner towers and two or three stories high, hidden away among the trees in the Carolina park. Entering we saw a succession of small workrooms, some of them of the professors others of the students - one in particular with 27 places quite like those in Harvard - and it was especially noticeable that the fittings are simple and serviceable while all the apparatus is furnished without stint. In the upper story resides the professor, and I believe some of the assistants, as also in the Botanicum in the adjoining botanical garden - an old structure with two wings and a grecian front. Between this and the ugly castle on the hill stretches the garden laid out by Linnaeus kept in marvellous order by women and men who are all the time at work and with the plants in little beds by themselves arranged by species. Among other things I noticed some immense clover plants almost as high as my head and some rhubarb 8 or 9 ft. high. The evergreen trees, some of them planted by the great Linnaeus himself, are trimmed and trained in a curious fashion leaving little bowers in the dense foliage. The walks among them are very pleasant. Near the Botanicum is a plantation of exotic trees, a pool with red and white lilies and in one wing of the building a large palm house. Thus from one part of the town to another we wandered with our student guide, having a look at the new University building now half completed and thence to the Smaland's nations house of which he was a member. It is quite like a little clubhouse with library, and other rooms below and above a hall which serves various purposes. A

piano, tables with chess, signs of tobacco smoking, the table with hole in it where on festal occasions the superfluous svardricke is poured down into a tub, the portraits of honored inspectors and simple but smoke-browned decoration show that the room is used and frequently too. Below we saw the nation's banner (kr 2000) and in a closet a few hoop skirts, female dresses etc. etc. recalled vividly my college days for they as we have theatricals as part of the entertainment. Another students' house visited was the common house where there is reading room, library, botanical collection etc. etc. This is supported by assessments from all the nations. One remarkable and characteristic thing is the garden which always goes with all these places. A neatly walled enclosure with large trees, a croquet plot and perhaps some flowersheds accompanies each house. Botany, indeed, seems to be a favorite study everywhere in Sweden. All around Upsala we saw students in groups discussing the plants and grasses by the roadside. On my travels everywhere I have seen the familiar tin box, and the wooden presses form a part of every pile of luggage. I have never seen one in America.

We had reserved the afternoon for a drive to Gamla Upsala and I was glad we resolved to do it for of all things in Upsala - in Sweden even - this is the most imagination compelling. The city lies on rising ground at the head of navigation of the Fyris and between it and Gamla Upsala stretches a plain as level as a billiard table. A few tumuli and a sort of rocky ridge are seen in the distance as one leaves the University town and as the road winds away to the east one sees the three great mounds of the heathen gods, Odin, Thor and Freyr rising majestically above the plain with a cluster of farmhouses, tree embowered, at the foot and, beyond, the simple tower of the church breaking with its square form the undulating lines of the mounds. The chuch itself is solemn, quiet and venerable and the yard with the curious belltower of wood, the odd crosses and the shade trees is quite in keeping with it. The original structure has been somewhat changed by subsequent restorations but the old arches of the tower are still visible and the field stones are piled up to make it much like the tower at Newport. We found on the door of the main portal a curious old ring and key plate of hammered iron. From the

church we climbed to the top of Odin's mound and while the others waited there I walked over the Thor and the Freyr so as to be alone by myself. I felt come over me the same sensation that the ruins of high antiquity give one who visits them in the true spirit and I was reluctant to leave the place. They are about 60 feet high and as far as I could judge quite like the tumuli of Turkey and other countries. We of course made a visit to the little farmhouse behind the church where are kept several silver mounted horns and mead is still served in them to all who wish it. We had one filled up and drank it. The metal was inscribed "June 3 1834 it pleased his majesty King Charles XIV John to drink mead out of this horn on Odin's mound" - "Mar 20 1847 his Majesty Oscar I and HRH crown prince Charles drank out of this horn on Odin's mound." - "13 March 1846 HRH erb prince Duke of Östergötland Oscar drank out of this horn". - "Nov 14 1847 August Duke of Dalarne drank on Odin's mound".

We drove home in the evening and I visited Mr Pilgren's room to see how a student's room really looked. Bare floor, no ornamentation of any kind; the tiniest bed with simple strip of white cloth for awning; a bookcase bureau, containing many English books, a sofa, a porcelain stove and a writing table well covered with papers was the contents of the room. Two little strips of rag carpet lay on the floor and a dressing gown and cap hung on the wall. He had in all perhaps 150 books mostly paper covered and was engaged in making a complete Swedish-French vocabulary after an improved method. The room was one of the best, costing 120 kronor a year. Contrasting this with the gorgeous apartments of the Harvard or Yale boys his was a marvel of simplicity. No oars, no trophies and no pictures. From all I can make out the chief amusement of the Upsala students is punch drinking, his chief exercise walking and the only real recreation is singing. We took a smörgås or rather a sexa at the Flustret that evening with music as usual and bade goodby to Mr Pilgren.

July 9.

Although Dr. Salin's friend with true Swedish hospitality (Mr Laurent) invited me to pass the Sunday in the country at his house I [illegible] Upsala. Swedes are famous for

decided to leave for Stockholm by the boat which starts from Upsala at 8 a.m. In consequence of this resolution I could not sleep well but was up at 4 a.m. and as soon as the hotel door was open took my departure and had a good walk about the town by myself before the boat went. The numerous gardens and parks, the picturesque situation of the city and the interest which naturally centres in the University building made it of great interest to me and I was loath to quit it. The steamer was well crowded with Sunday excursionists and we went but slowly down the narrow muddy river between meadows and pastures into the branch of the Mälare. We stopped at several places, Skokloster with its fine church and monastery among the rest, and the chateau of Rosersberg which I found very small, and from the water at least, uninteresting. The people came to the wharf to receive guests. Further on near D tt gsholm we saw the royal yacht and royalty itself breakfasting in the woods. The scenery is nowhere fine but rather monotonous with the well wooded banks and rare villas. Near Stockholm it is more interesting because more populous and lively but I was not sorry to get off the boat at 2 p.m.

July 12

With the exception of Dr Salin and the consul Mr Elfwing we had made no acquaintances whom we particularly enjoyed. The former is so attractive to us both that we can scarcely account for it unless by one of those not infrequent cases of intuitive acquaintance. Before leaving for Wisby we went for the last time to the Bern Salon where the evening before I had to the great delight of the performers asked the Hungarian band to play me a people's song. We sat in the garden in front of them this last evening in the City and the time for departure drawing near we could not wait for more than two pieces. When we got up to go it made a great disturbance in the band and as we passed the door of the kiosque the leader came running to it to say goodbye. I told him we were going to America etc. and he and all the rest wished us an enthusiastic bon voyage and would have, if it were possible, repeated the handshaking of the previous evening. What a contrast this warm, southern, fraternal spirit is to the corresponding sentiment found among northern nations. Swedes are famous for

was buzzing in one room, and in another scarcely a

friendliness of disposition and hospitality. With a single exception perhaps no one in Stockholm was stirred at our departure. But these gypsies only knowing us from seeing us at their concerts and playing once for us wished us with genuine and hearty good will a bon voyage. The contrast was striking and characteristic and this little incident made quite as much as anything our departure happy and regretful at once. The Thulstrups, but especially Dr Salin saw us off.

The Thjelvar - a trim little steamer wound rapidly through the passages, intricate and wild at times past Vaxholm with its castle down through the Skärgärd to Dalarö a popular bathing place and thence through the innumerable islands into the open Baltic, Wisbyward. The evening was lovely and the scenery not too exciting in variety nor yet too monotonous - rather finer if anything than that of the Mälare because more varied and wilder at intervals. A strong wind made a sea so the passage was rather rough.

July 13.

When we woke we were at a stone quay and a few stragglers were around the gangplank. A porter carried our luggage through deserted streets to an apparently deserted hotel. No one received us but we finally found a girl who showed us a room large enough for a half dozen. Breakfast in the dining room below showed us that the Stadshotellet was quite the thing for restaurant for the bill of fare was quite extensive. A few quiet people strolled in, ate, sat awhile in the café and went away. We saw no carriages, heard no noise and felt at once the peace and rest of the town. From the sea came a delicate breath of air and we could see over the tops of the ivy clad houses and the distant walls a little strip of blue water. I couldn't resist an immediate stroll round the town and for a couple of hours I threaded its quaint streets with tiny houses almost like toy buildings where a seven foot ceiling is higher than the rule and the ordinary door is too low for me to enter erect. Three main streets lead from north to south. One high up partly on the limestone cliff that crops out here and there (Hans gatan) another (Mellangatan) half way down to the sea, and the third (Strandgatan) parallel with and not distant from the water. Other crooked and narrow streets intersect these at frequent

Was buzzing in one room, and in another scarcely 4 feet wide a woman had

intervals occasionally popping under an archway and fading into a barren little square or past venerable ruins. Every part of the town was interesting. Some old hanseatic houses with steep gables rise above the level of the ordinary houses and are curious and interesting. But the more modern modest little houses with a row of projecting beams about six feet from the ground locked into the timbers so as to hold the sides together, the gambrel, tiled roofs, the tarred façades and roughly stuccoed walls, the quaint little gates and doors, the corners and angles, the glimpses of crowded little interiors as neat as wax, the frequent shady, cosy little gardens, the absence of staring natives and the presence of the dignified old ruins - never did a city so impress itself on my mind and make me feel so contented and peaceful. The outer walls which even now - with the exception of a short space near the harbor - encircle the town are in remarkable preservation. The tall square and octagonal towers rise at intervals of 100 yards and between them bartizans or saddle towers hang picturesquely on the wall. I made the tour of the exterior over the old quarries now overgrown with wild flowers, yellow daisies, buttercups, bluets, wild roses both common and sweet briar and hundreds of unfamiliar blossoms (Gotland has near a thousand varieties). A short distance beyond the S.E. Gate is a curious monolithic cross erected in memory of the 1800 Gotlanders who fell there at the battle of July 27 1361, and near the gate itself the well is topped by 13 battlements for there King Valdemar had it torn down to allow his army to enter 13 abreast. The Wisby people rebuilt it in its present style to commemorate the event.

July 14.

It is with great difficulty that I stay in the house long enough to do what writing I have resolved to do it is so agreeable to stroll around the streets, look to ones heart's content and never have an interruption. I sought out today Mr O. Jeurling editor of the Gotland Allehanda and he met us in the evening after we had had a turn out to the Kersbetning to see the cross and a bath in the fine bathing establishment. On the way to the cross we went in an ordinary little place to get a drink of milk and saw some of the crowded life there. A Singer sewing machine was buzzing in one room, and in another scarcely 4 feet wide a woman had

ironing to do piled up so we could hardly pass. The poverty of the people here is everywhere apparent - not exactly poverty because they live quite easily - absence of wealth is better. There are no real poor nor any real wealthy. Where once rich burghers' houses stood now large gardens occupy the ground and they are by no means the least of the charms of the town. Along the sea is a lovely walk outside the walls and thence into a shady flourishing botanical gardens with open space adjoining where young people play croquet in front of the "pavilion", a summer cafe. Thither we strolled with Mr Jeurling and sat and watched the sunset from the cafe upper piazza. From within the walls one looks into the towers with traces of the old stagings. The poplars, the red roofs of the houses and quaint chimneys contrast very pleasantly with the grey of the old walls. One seems to sleep better in Wisby - perhaps it is because the whole town seems to sleep itself. Since the days of the horrible butchery and plundering, the destruction of its churches and the ruin of the town it has not cared, if it has dared, to wake from its sleep.

July 15

By great effort of will I wrote all the forenoon then welcomed Mr Jeurling who took us to the Fornsal or museum of antiquities. Rats scampered along the sledges and halberds as we entered and came out to look at us as we walked around - for a visitor is an uncommon thing. We found in the upper story a great collection of embroideries, costumes, iron and wooden articles, furniture etc. etc. including two or three cases of classical antiquities and gold and silver utensils and jewelry. In a glass case also were relics of the American war brought home by a gottlander who was colonel of our volunteers. It was a great pleasure to be able to open the cases, handle the fibulae and other classical relics, the jewelry and the tableware. We took down several of the costumes and studied them as well as we could. Mr Jeurling took us in a carriage a drive of 4 or 5 miles to Fridhem the summer residence of Eugenie, King Oscar's sister, an attractive little chalet with fine grounds. We got permission to enter and inspect the interior but did not because the dinner hour created some

confusion and we were not sure of our footing. Further on, a mile or more, is a high limestone cliff Högklint whither we drove and wandered about looking at the broad expanse of the Baltic and the little town of Wisby nestled along in the depression of the limestone cliff. Over the island which appeared perfectly level we could see only trees and an occasional church tower. The drive through the pine and fir forest was one of the charms of the day. We dined all at the Pavillion.

July 16

Ordinary ruins do not appeal to me as they did once, either I have no longer the romantic sentiment or else I have seen so many they are no longer impressive. But after a morning spent in painting outside the walls in the blazing hot sun a visit to the cool interiors of the old churches was very agreeable. We found a double church , i.e. two stories in the nave and one in the choir, Helge-Andskyrka, most picturesque with fallen arches, ivy grown windows and little views of green trees and house-tops through ruined windows. St. Katharine with the twelve pillars and slender painted arches almost on the tremble to fall already a hundred years or more, was very attractive and on a sort of platform near a little two storied exterior chapel I noticed a picket fence made of genuine old pikes cut in two and long pointed end and shut shoe alternated in a long row. I felt very much like stealing a dozen. In one of the ruins a passage way leads almost entirely around through the walls with occasional windows into the interior. On most of them one may easily mount to the roof when he will find turf, flowers and even small trees. The attraction of the town was not decreased by my study of the walls from oustide when the long row of towers and the high pile of masonry carries me back involuntarily to the middle ages. But we must move on and so we prepared to leave by the Kalmar boat , the little steamer "Wisby". After a parting punch and coffee in the pavillion we went aboard finding to our sorrow some 200 excursionists bound to Oscarshamm. We waved to Mr Jeurling until out of sight, carried away with us the warmest regard for him - an extraordinary lively Swede of very American characteristics - and a great love for old Wisby.

Monday July 17.

We reached Oscarshamm at a very early hour and left the sleepy excursionists , and I looked out and saw a rather uninteresting harbour with some shipping and a few modern houses. Two hours later we stopped at Borgholm with its great grey ruined castle against the sky among the trees - the only object in the landscape to attract the attention. The steamer stopped for a few moments and then went on to Kalmar where we landed and put up at the dirtiest of hotels "Witt's hotel", which seemed to be a half beer bottling, half horse keeping place full of smells and noise. The city itself was not very interesting so we passed the time by taking a bath in the establishment where we found an excellent bath though rather primitive. Kalmar is on a small island which it fully covers with a maze ot rather narrow ill-paved streets with low houses of not much picturesqueness. Near the water runs part of the old walls now turned into a promenade covered with bushes and having frequent shady seats. Across a little bridge beyond the RR. station the path leads to the public gardens where stands a wooden pavilion dispensing temperance drinks, and the great castle with four corner batteries looms up against the sea beyond. The gardens like everywhere in Sweden are beautifully kept and full of flowers. We strolled on to the castle, wandered a little among the arches and finally, blundering into quaint kitchens and odd rooms found a woman who was to show us the interior. The castle is quadrangular with great cistern in the middle of an inner court. Most of the building is now inhabited. In the inner court where now a few rusty cannon lying on the pavement alone remind one of the eleven sieges the castle has suffered, one is entirely shut out from the world and even outside the castle proper the walls 30 feet high, supported by frequent modern buttresses, shut out all views of the landscape. Our guide took us to the large hall full of curious things, relics of the sieges, the bed of Gustavus Adolphus, pictures and furniture with a miscellaneous bric à brac collection of someone who had been to India. The stairway with the 8 ft walls was curious and picturesque and a sort of meeting room or hall next the large one with centre table, many fine chairs, portraits etc. was interesting. Ceiling of wood and some

Paneling and here and there cabinets and tables with Curios. Next to this is the room where Eric XIV was kept, fully resored by Scholander. The walls are of inlaid wood with architectural views in the centre of panels. Over these is a wide frieze of hunting scenes in relief vilely painted. The windows are round leaded panes. We found the door lock a most elaborate reproduction of a fine old one. From the castle the exit through the cool, shady and crooked main passage brings one out to the garden's heat again and the tideless water covered with scum has none of the invigorating quality of the seashore. We went to bed leaving orders to be called at 4:30 to take the L.Torstenson for Lübeck.

July 18

Down to the docks at 5 but steamer not yet in. Got aboard and underweigh however at 8. Fine boat. Breakfast set on deck under awning when sudden thunderstorm and violent rain drove us to cabin. The Kalmarsund is rather pleasant but tame and I was not sorry to see a storm. We went in among small islands and past great forts to Karlskrona where we arrived at about 3 o'clock. On shore we found absolutely nothing interesting to see and had pleasure of meeting an old English captain whom I brought on board and drank beer with. A Swedish captain and his French wife - a newly married couple - attracted our attention by sitting very spoony on the quarter deck of his barque and unable all the while to speak a word of each other's language. We left Karlskrona about 4 o'clock and sailed out into a quiet sea with beautiful weather. Supper was served on deck but we took none and slept the sounder.

July 19

When I awoke the German land was in sight on the port hand. The sea was smooth as a pond and we were making good speed. The Captain's son who is a student in the Norköping polytechnic school gave me much information and a little Swedish girl about 9 years old was very talkative and interesting; these were the only ones besides the captain whom we talked with. Breakfast was served on deck under the awning, the day passed in reading and studying and dinner was served in a like manner just before we reached the bathing place of Travemünde at the mouth of the Trave - a quiet

modern place with no attractions beside the sea bathing. A couple of rough looking fellows in a curious boat made of planks very long, narrow and deep hitched on behind and we steamed up the river with a turkeycock of a custom-house official on board us. The narrow, crooked river winding between rich fields seemed much too small for the passage of the boat and indeed the two men by dragging the bow round by the resistance of their small boat were necessary to help us keep in the channel. We met a number of steamers on the way out and were somewhat delayed by this. An immense cutting through a hill shortens the route a great deal but we could not pass through it so we went round the bend where we saw the men dumping the dredged mud on the fields by the aid of temporary railroad tracks. Lübeck loomed up in the distance as we passed the bends and finally came in full sight with its rich red roofs and brick architecture, the towering double spires of the Marien Kirche and the Dom dominating in the interesting silhouette. The steamer landed near one of the old gates, the Burgthor and the quaint brick structure promised much interest in the city interior. I found Gifford at the Stadt Hambourg hotel and then we three went there together.

July 20

First impressions of Lübeck most delightful - as far as artistic bits of architecture go. Everywhere curious old hanse houses with quaint gables and finely ornamented doorways and bits of ornamental iron work. The use of the glazed bricks in the buildings is certainly strange and often picturesque both in the variety it gives and in local color. The Rathaus with carved stone stairway and stone balcony both on the street façade which is a colonnade with low pillars of granite very thick and rudely cut. Through this one comes out into the market with rather an ugly fountain and quaint buildings. Each corner presents something new. In one we find a stone seat with carved ends under a overhanging second story, in another a winding passage under the overhanging storeys with beautifully wrought iron bracket supporting the beam. The north side of the market is made interesting by a sort of architectural screen of towers and wall with circular perforations which comes out strongly against the sky. Along the river are found many huge old hanseatic warehouses most of them quite out

of drawing but still strong and serviceable. The Holstein gate with its fine double pointed tower (1477) of red and glazed brick is a prominent feature as one enters the town from the RR. station. But this, as most of the architecture indeed is, is of a rather conscious order, that is it is so much repaired and restored (well done too) that it clamours for notice from its very perfection. All over the city are many doorways beautifully carved in stone and now nicely painted in cream color laid on apparently in successive coats for many generations. The iron work of which so many specimens abound is rarely tampered with.

In way of costume the market with its crowds of country women showed by far the most curious and characteristic types. The town porters all wear knee breeches and jackets of thin cotton stuff and are hardy, thick legged men quite like the Turkish hammals. The women who sit and sell fruit, and also a large proportion of country women, wear rather silly looking bonnets cocked over the eye and with a loop of ribbon hanging down the back. Blue predominates in the costume of these country women and is often quite fine in tone. Other women wear a poke bonnet quite straight and with a little cape at the back. The smaller bonnet is perched on a quite elaborate cap. All the servant girls in the place wear arms bear to the shoulder. The short dress sleeve is puffed quite large. The head is ornamented by a lace and mull ruche about six inches long made in the shape of an oval and pinned on the top of the back head. The regular costume seems to be a jacket of black velvet and skirt of green and red perpendicular striped homespun. They are not unattractive with their bare arms and swinging gait. They are very hard working as well as often pretty. This is about all we saw in the way of costume. As for queer customs there seem to be next to none. A milk cart with the long name Genossenschaftsmeierei and fourteen cocks crowing "Rahm", "Abgerahmte Milch", "Magere milch" etc. etc. was quite a curiosity, also the great wooden milk cans bound in brass, the spout made with one of the staves of a solid tree branch. With these the farmers carry a whole row of brass measures hanging on the side of the cart. It is rather puzzling at first to find the town quite surrounded by water and one does

not easily connect the ports where the swans float and which so beautifully reflect the towers of the cathedral with a system of broad moats quite encircling the city. All along these ports are fine residences and near the bridges are summer gardens where the band often plays - and a fine military band too. (76 regt.)

July 21

Abbey came by noon train and we immediately began an exploration, Gifford and I having saved up many things to see together. On the river bank among the many quaint houses is a little café already a restaurant about 400 years where the little room on the street is panelled in black-ened oak and a frieze of really fine paintings lightens up the otherwise sombre ceiling. The paneling opens in places and the doors are hung on beautifully wrought hinges and fastened by ancient locks. The window cases are carved in a wonderful way and the door as well. We took coffee here quite amazed by the beauty of the interior and intending to sketch it later - a thing which of course we neglected to do. On the Brutenstrasse near the Kuhberg is another restaurant, the old shippers' house (Schiffergesell-schaft) an excellent example of a guildhall with pewlike divisions, thick heavy oaken paneled partitions and tables, a frieze of biblical subjects painted in 1624, a great collection of ships of all nations (almost) and ages; kyacks, trophies of various kinds and heavy timbers supporting heavy ceiling. The whole seen in an atmosphere of smoke from a dozen porcelain pipes is picturesque and effective. Opposite this across a square full of verdure is the Hospital zum Heiligen Geist dating from the 13 cent. with curious façade with pointed towers shaded by great trees. Here in the shade sit old men and women who pass their lives away in rest and freedom from care. The front of the hospital is a Gothic chapel with interior fine in color and full of curious carvings notably two so-called "Schranken" with multitude of figures all gilded and painted and lacelike wood carving. The candlesticks out from the walls are finely cut brass with scroll iron work supports. Two Biers remind the inmates of their approaching end. The contributions are dropped into a strong ironbound chest. Behind this chapel which serves as a spacious entry stretches a huge dormitory with

little cell like rooms each with name and number of the occupant. The women live on one side the men on another. Perfect order prevails among the 131 inmates and all is quiet and serene. The director's room is fine enough for anyong having a carved stone mantle and fire place and a wonderful door with twisted columns and fine chairs as well. We photographed this door and the chest, also the gallery over the entrance to the dormitory beside sketching various things. Both Friday and Saturday were passed in exploration and sketching. We photographed the market scene on Saturday morning and were anxious to get some remembrance of the fishwomen who sit in a row before the tarred trays of live fish, with their feet and lower part of skirts in a box to keep away damp and draughts. These and the breadcarts were of all things the most picturesque. We lunched in the dismal, damp Rathauskeller, one of the usual German cellars, perhaps more picturesque than common however, and ate ordinary fare and drank fairly good wine at extraordinary prices - all for the sake of imagining oneself on a level with the piles of wine bottles and beer barrels. I cannot see that wine tastes better under such circumstances especially when the sewerage seems almost dripping from the roof. The roamnce of these wine cellars is past for me at least. An excellent concert in the garden on Friday evening kept up our spirits for that night at least and we were almost ready to forget the soggy weather.

Sunday July 23.

Today we spent in exploration finding in the Marien kirche too great a wealth of fine wood carving and iron work to describe. The pews of the shipper company are carved most beautifully, the seats of the officers along under a lace-like canopy have heads in high relief on each one. The architecture of the church from outside is only impressive for the wonderfully high windows and towers (430ft.). Inside the tall nave (134 ft) is wonderfully fine and all around are interesting chapels (Oberbeck's dance of death etc.) and many railings of brass and exquisitely carved seats like choir stalls in such profusion and often so neglected as to seem quite superfluous and unappreciated like. Once in a while are seen corners and little bits of great beauty and stimulating ~~that~~ the

painter's ambition to sit down and study them. We, with a large and very smelly crowd, watched the dizzily complicated clock in which at noon and midnight a procession of the Emperor and Electors move forth in solemn procession, salute the Saviour and disappear again. This marvel of 1405 is still in good order giving various astronomical data down to 1999. The Electors as they came forth after various mysterious rattlings and squeakings marched and bowed with decided individuality of gesture and were quite amusing - much more so than the people who surrounded us. We visited the rathhouse after this and saw there various rooms of more or less interest. The hall where the 85 towns held their assemblies during the Hanseatic league is now cut up into rooms and not to be seen therefore. In the so-called kriegs zimmer the wall paneling is being restored carefully after the old, but the wood mosaic is little picturesque as it is seen fresh and new. In the cathedral we found a dazing collection of ironwork, most beautiful screen doors and the like and other remarkable bits of artistic stuff in an interior of simple grand beauty - high gothic arches all in white. In the Greverade chapel the double triptich of Memling representing the Passion in 23 scenes is a wonderful work full of expression, rich in color and withall in a fine state of preservation. Furthermore it was a delight to be able to "smell of it" if we chose. An enormous brass in the floor of one of the chapels at least 10 feet long and 5 wide is one of the curiosities of the place. The cathedral like all the other buildings in Lübeck is undergoing slow restoration in parts. We were not sorry to quit the town for its wealth of artistic details and comparative meagreness of types and costume became somewhat oppressive considering, as we were obliged to do, the time at our disposal. We therefore took the evening train for Rostock where we arrived at 11:15 after a run over fertile fields and past prosperous villages. Stadt Hamburg hotel. Wet sheets.

Monday July 24.

The weather has so much to do with one's impressions of a town that it is not always safe to chronicle the very first feelings. Rostock is decidedly smelly and stuffy in hot weather as we soon found

when we began to walk about the town. Picturesque houses there are in abundance and curious gateways notably the graceful tower Krŏpeliner with the less tasteful modern additions at its base, and the Steinthor with fine façade and pointed roof with parts of the old wall adjacent and twisted chimneys, several in iron braces, in houses were of great beauty. The market place was full of people - a row of girls and women squatted along the pavement with small stores of fruit such as cherries and raspberries, the fishwomen with black trimmed poke bonnets, the huge cart with picturesque load and horses, people passing and repassing in the shadow of the ugly Rathhaus - it was nothing more or less than the ordinary market scene with no peculiarity for work study. The curious cat like baskets which are commonly fine in Lübeck are less beautiful here by far. We fonnd in our rambles along the shore of the river or inlet nothing to interest us greatly and were so oppressed by the smells that we were glad to go away soon. An hour or two was occupied in haggling about transportation to Ribnitz on the way to Stralsund and at last we settled on a carriage and we were free to sketch some more . I found one or two houses worth study and was furthermore much impressed by the wonderfully great spire of St Peter's church (420 ft) situated as it is on the very walls of the town on the east side of a great empty square with low houses and hanseatic warehouses of some pretention nearby. The interior of the Marienkirche had among other things several suits of armor hung up on the walls over the tombs of their wearers, these with tattered flags or the fringes of old flags and sometimes swords etc. made the interior interesting where otherwise the extraordinary tall slender windows would alone have made it noteworthy. The new University building with painted and stucco exterior, quite French renaissance and the bad statue of Blucher who was born here in 1742 scarcely made us pause in our rapid explorations. Our drive to Ribnitz was pleasant except the latter part when rain fell quite copiously. At intervals along the chausée were curious toll gates with a beaten iron oxhead under a small window where a pole could be raised by chain and pulley and toll collected by a cup on the end of a stick. The fields by the roadside were full of waving grain now being cut. Scores of men and women

did not stop their work much if any so it seemed. Great flocks of sheep were herded by men and dogs and every shepherd knitted as he walked. The rain cleared enough for us to get a sight of Ribnitz as we approached the tower-surmounted gateway and we drove to a simple inn on one side of the great open square all grass grown and asleep. We took a long stroll around the town in the evening among the low houses and along the deserted streets after our dinner in the little inn and returned to find our beds with thick feather beds on a thin mattress and still another feather bed to put over us. On remonstrating with the servant girl she said that most of the men lay under this bed and sometimes with what they call a Steppdecke on top of that. After prolonged struggles we succeeded in persuading her to bring a pair of sheets but they were just wet from the laundry and we therefore turned in under our shawls on the thin spring mattress. As we went to bed the watchman's voice followed the loud clanging of the church bells announcing the hour and "all's well". This night fiend promenades around and armed with club and rattle yells at every half hour throughout the night. Four of these fiends thus succeed in keeping all strangers in the town awake all night long. Very smelly town and as we retired we had a sewer odor in the room thick enough to cut with a knife.

Tuesday July 25.

We were astir early and explored the sleepy town. After some difficulty I succeeded in finding the stumpy little sexton of the cloister church and he awakened from his astonishment at being asked to show the church only after we were well inside. Then he thought we would be astonished at the glass in the windows and the modernized woodwork more than at the quaint old entrance or vestibule where the funeral services are held and his wonder was complete when Abbey made a sketch of a fine old window with brickwork. When I put a half mark in his hand his old body fairly quivered with delight and he stumped away with his ill-fitting coat and baggy trousers down to the low little house where he delighted his thrifty wellkept wife with the money. Still more difficult was it to find the sexton of the large church (Stadtkirche) for after going from one

house to another three times I found a fine old lady who said first off
"With whom have I the honor to speak?" I said "A stranger," and then at last she explained that her husband the sexton was dead but that the bell ringer could let me in. I went guided by a boy to the further part of the town and there found a shoemaker pegging away in a dark room the furniture of which seemed to be concentrated in a great ironbound red chest which belonged to his great grandfather he said. We started off followed by a crowd of yelling children all of whom wanted to come and found the church quite worthless from our point of view. The Rostock gate with tower and quaint bridge over a sluggish stream is the best thing in the town and when a lumbering old yellow post diligence passes the bridge it carries us back a hundred years at least.

We bargained for a carriage to take us to Stralsund and started away through the grass grown streets at 2:30. The rough door steps piled up with cobble stone and facings, all grass grown, held curious groups who ~~stood~~ stared at the strangers, windows were full of heads and with quite a flourish we rattled out of the town. FRom RJBNJTZ (as they spell it) the landscape increased in beauty and richness. Immense fields of fullheaded wheat and oats, rye and buckwheat covered the rolling country. The fine chausée was bordered by birches and mountain ash and cherry trees. No fences broke the lines of the fields and a succession of rich colored patches stretched away to the distance where clumps of trees, windmills and farmhouses broke with beautiful silhouettes the varying horizon lines. A more widely diversified and picturesque country I never saw. Shepherds knitting watched great flocks of brownish sheep. Immense flocks of crows hovered around the ripe grain, rows of men and women reaped and bound sheafs and carted the grain to the thresher. Immense straw stacks occasionally loomed up and once in a while we came to an immense farm with a half dozen great brick barns and great herds of cattle feeding in the pastures. Such a fine farming country I never saw. Near Stralsund we came upon a part of the chausée bordered by cherry laden trees. Along one side of the road we saw two houses built of turf and earth in a little hillside with a half dozen children running about and a dogcart with huge dog lying by. Further on we came upon a couple of score of people, men, women and children

all breaking stones by the roadside and for a half mile piles of cobble-stones were ranged along to be broken. Shielded from the too violent rays of the sun by rush screens, women pounded away violently with short hammers and broke the flinty stones as quickly as the men. Others stood up and cracked the large ones while the children cracked the little pieces. The driver said they were from Schleswig, that they could make about 40 marks a week apiece/if they worked well, that they wandered around from one place to another as work was needed, that they drank schnapps very much especially pay days every two weeks and had great sprees. I went on to ask the driver what kind of a place Stralsund was and he said that "it wasn't much of a town, all old houses and narrow streets, that we wouldn't find it interesting". We looked forward then with some delight to the town after this speech and when we drove across the bridge and saw the towers and walls reflected in the pool we were happy. Just at the bridge we passed/a Dampf-kunstmühle - which "steam art mill" we were hilarious over. Hotel de Brandenbourg.

July 29.

In our first walk about the town we were much struck by the situation surrounded as it is by great wide pool-like moats. The ramparts are now being removed everywhere and turned into promenade places. There are very fine houses of the Hanseatic style with a large number of gateways each one more curious if possible than the other. The great cathedral of Baltic gothic with wonderfully tall arches and façade with stone partway up is impressive enough and is supported on one side by a great pile of curious houses across a narrow street and on the other it overshadows an immense bald square which is scarcely crossed by anyone. While we were there a great company of prisoners watered and swept the pavement guarded by an officer with a sword. On one side of the square was a post with a board on it which was painted "Beware of pickpockets."